

lization of water-
way terminals by
the railroads. The
country has waked
up to the knowl-
edge that the rail-
roads have bought



GIFFORD PINCHOT,

President of the National Conservation Association, who
has initiated a plan to settle the water-
power controversy.

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lic docks
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Desert

Pacific Monthly
Feb. 1911

By Charlotte Kellogg

The sun usurps the measureless domain
Of oceans gone. In voiceless mimicry
Ghost waves of sand pass rock and naked tree,
To wash some unreverberate far chain
Of porphyry and jasper's flaming stain.
Grim cinder islands dot the air's hot sea,
And lava streams in mock fluidity
Still run their searing course along the plain.

Estrays of earth inhabit here: a wan
Distorted plant, an outcast fox; while high
Across a mesa floor an Indian rides,
Or sadder derelict, a hunted man
Seeks out his cave and miserably hides
In realms of death, because he fears to die.

tion, proceeded to revoke these
als at different dates between
0 and April 16, 1909.

is country, the declaration of a
by the Supreme Court of the
States is usually accepted by
lawyers" and "good men" whose
er and integrity no one ques-
From the foundation of the Re-
e Supreme Court has upheld the
ry power of the Chief Execu-
ne Senate Public Lands Commit-
which Senator Nelson is Chair-
used to a year ago to endorse

Ballinger's proposition that
itive withdrawals had been il-
r. Ballinger, with the consent of
t Taft, had sent a bill to the
s to be enacted into law and
siciously proclaimed that the
withdrawals had been illegal.
the majority of this Committee
tile to President Roosevelt, this
on of Mr. Ballinger was going
o far, and they refused to report
ger bill, substituting therefor
ne which merely declared af-

firmatively the Roosevelt doctrine, but
did not purport to be enacting a new
legal principle. So it would seem that
the majority of the Ballinger-Pinchot
Committee, some of whom are members
of the Senate Public Lands Committee,
are not only seeking to overturn the
Roosevelt legal policy, but are going in
the face of the unbroken line of deci-
sions of the Supreme Court.

Waterway Improvement and the Railroads.

The National Rivers and Harbors
Congress, held in Washington, December
7, 8, and 9, took an important step for-
ward in adopting officially a plan of
financing waterway improvements. It de-
clared first in favor of an annual River
and Harbor bill of not less than \$50,-
000,000, and recommended that, if neces-
sary, bonds be issued from time to time
to procure the money. This proposition
was originally advocated by Mr. J. N.
Teal, who insistently presented it to the
River and Harbor Congress, and finally

realize this probability of a reduced European immigration, who are turning longing eyes toward Asia. They will reopen the question of Oriental immigration if they get the opportunity. It is not improbable that they will endeavor to amend our immigration laws at this session of Congress. They are clinging to the policy of providing a labor-surplus for each employer, which will enable him to man his plant at his own convenience, carry on his business with the same violent fluctuations of employment as in the past, and keep down the rate of wages. This effort to reopen our gates to Oriental immigration is nothing less than suicidal. It probably could not be done openly: organized labor's resistance would be too strong to permit that. But if it should be done, either openly or underhandedly, it would bring the whirlwinds of the workers' wrath about our heads, and develop a hatred of our economic system, and even of our government, in millions.

The sufferings which the workingmen have endured in the past because of irregular employment have been many times greater than was necessary. They are among the deep-seated causes of bitterness among the workers, and they are a sin against humanity for which our civilization will pay a high price if they are allowed to continue. The thought of the workers is in a critical state. As yet, only a small minority have entirely lost faith in our economic system. If our reconstruction policies eliminate avoidable industrial hardships, the workers' faith in democracy, political and industrial, will be maintained. If we try to revert to the old system of making labor but an agency of capital, a storm is going to break — if not now, at no distant date.

I am not certain that a stoppage of immigration for ten years would retard our industrial development. It is

certain that we have never obtained the maximum possible output from our wage-earners. Irregularity of employment, lack of training, and lack of proper care of their health, have prevented them from attaining their potential efficiency. If our labor-supply decreases while our need for labor increases or maintains itself, the result will unquestionably be a rapid development of industrial training. This was what enabled us to meet, at least in part, our shortage of skilled labor during the war. If, in the face of a decreased immigration, we devote ourselves to constructive labor policies which will increase the technical skill of our laboring population, reduce labor-turnover, and maintain the laborers' health, character, and intelligence, we shall meet the need both of industry and of the workers for a higher standard of living. For it goes without saying, that a rise in the general efficiency of labor will enable wages to remain at a higher level than if the pre-war condition is revived.

Of course, immigration will not cease, and the industrial expansion to which we look forward when the first after-effects of the war have passed will not find us with a seriously decreased supply of workmen. There is certainly no prospect of such a reduction in immigration as would justify any relaxation of our present immigration laws. A thorough organization of the labor market, to bring the man and the job together with the least loss of time to each; a constructive study of means for reducing labor-turnover; and training, health-conservation, and steadied employment to increase the workers' efficiency — these are the policies which will man our industries and at the same time develop in the workers a stronger confidence in our civilization.

The war's effect on our labor-supply should result in policies which will give us a more efficient labor force with a

higher standard of living. When immigration resumes its normal flow, as it may do in a few years, our efficient domestic labor force will enable us to absorb the new immigration without creating the evils of the past. Instead of deploring the check to immigration which will probably result from the war, we should interest ourselves in stimula-

ting labor policies that will raise the efficiency of our whole labor population. This will give us a healthy labor policy in place of the suicidal policies of the past. Nothing will promote America's industrial position among the nations more surely; nothing will operate so effectively to check extreme labor movements like Bolshevism.

Dr. Atkinson from Kellogg

LESSER VICTORIES

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

At first people were too tired, too sad, too dulled to emotion, to grasp the great fact of deliverance. It was only when it touched some homely, common experience that they could react to it. Madame B—— said to me, 'Now we are very happy, but we cannot realize that we are.'

That was why I was so grateful to a little brown horse, despised or forgotten by the Germans, that pulled a two-wheeled cart piled high with copper soup-kettles, brass pots and lamps, and bronze andirons, into Brussels about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, November 17. The liberation of the city had been proclaimed from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville at ten o'clock, and a few minutes later, the owner of the cart was on his way to the country, where he had buried by night, many months before, the copper and brass which the Boches were prepared to seize. And now he was returning, green boughs sticking from the pots, flowers blossoming from the kettles, and dozens of lit-

tle Belgian flags floating gayly over all. This was a victory each child and grown-up understood instantly, and the hero was acclaimed with shouts of laughter and hand-clapping all along his route, while the essential queue of small boys followed in the street.

As the triumphal cart was rolling through the city, shopkeepers were feverishly busy excavating or uncovering this or that treasure, and tying it with red and yellow and black; and the following morning, happy crowds proceeded from shop to shop to celebrate each window victory — a skein of yarn here, a sewing-machine there. The Mansfield Manufacturing Company of Antwerp achieved a *succès éclatant*, with its display of metal recovered from beneath the floor. Since the day they requisitioned the factory, the Boches had been innocently tramping back and forth above it.

There was also the reverse of the picture: other crowds before other windows — of the shops whose seizable property had not been requisitioned, for obvious reasons, and whose proprietors,

April 1919

having trafficked with the enemy, now paid the price of their disloyalty. All usable, eatable stocks were thrown to the people, fixtures were smashed, and the shop put out of business. In some cases the merchant was imprisoned, in others he fled to Holland or Germany. Those who thus took justice into their own hands were merciless, but they had been waiting long years for this day, and the crowd grinned with approval.

Friends went from house to house, to participate in the victories of the kitchen and the hearth. I called on Madame L—— and stumbled over gas-fixtures, and desk-sets, and brass-trimmed vases in the hallway. Next door I encountered three rolls of Persian rugs and packages of table-linen just returned from a remote cellar. The door-plates and knobs had been ripped away from these houses, as they had been from most, though I was surprised at the number of times the Germans had been foiled by successful wood substitutes. Often the wood was carved, or painted, or cleverly combined in fixtures with cords and strips of brocade.

There were few more joyous ways of welcoming a returned soldier (and can one imagine the reunion of father with wife and babies, now boys, from whom he has been so inhumanly, so utterly cut off for four years?) than by preparing for him a display of kitchen kettles or salon bronze. Beside his trophies of the line, Boche helmets or *obus*, were ranged these symbols of the triumphs behind that line.

What was happening in Brussels was happening everywhere else in Belgium. When the old butler of a château near Liège learned that a visit from one of the bands most accomplished in this art of robbing a nation was imminent, he heard at the same time that they were doing their work so thoroughly that it was useless to rely on inter-wall or floor-space for concealment. More-

over, they were probing the soil of the region with spiked staves—a bit of evil information which made the burial-plan seem hopeless, until suddenly he reasoned that, since they were probably employing their staves vertically rather than obliquely, if he cut deep directly underneath the hedge, he might yet prepare a successful cache. This he did, and the heirlooms of the château rested there till the retreating army had crossed the frontier. Somehow, for the old butler, there will always be a vital connection between the great victory and a sub-hedge tunnel. He was not so fortunate, poor man, with his wine. Since there was not time to bury it, he dropped the bottles into a large fish-pond on the estate; and I suppose the Germans have rarely been greeted by a more gratifying announcement than that made by the dozens of little white labels floating on the surface of the pond as they passed it early the following morning.

One sunny afternoon (the closing days of November were soft and blue, by the grace of God) I went to Antwerp, to learn if Madame O——'s great workroom had been able to carry on till the end. And as I walked into her drawing-room, her husband said laughingly, 'You may not realize, madame, that over your head hang swords and bayonets.' He pointed to the ceiling with one hand, while he drew up a chair for me with the other. 'They are between that ceiling and the roof, where they have been comfortably incased for almost two years. They are a part of my collection that I determined the Boches should not steal. I have not yet had time to extract them—that will be quite a business, for we have scarcely been in our houses since we pulled the German rag down from the cathedral and burned it. We have been too occupied with hanging banners and garlands for the entry of the King, to find time

to get at our roofs and walls. So there the swords are above us!

While he was talking, Madame O—— had gone to the mantelpiece to turn a bronze bust a little toward the left. 'Yes,' she agreed, 'the walls and roof are difficult, but digging things up is easier.' With a soft cloth she began rubbing the half-dozen mould marks on the bust. 'I have only just finished cutting the grave-clothes from this, and, except for the few spots, you will see it is quite as it was; interment has not injured it.'

The children were busy in a corner, attempting to reattach covers or handles to various objects. The eldest, a boy of seventeen, who had that day volunteered for the army, held up the lid of a water-pitcher. 'This they wanted more than anything else; they used it for the points of their obus. But they did not kill Allied soldiers with our pewter!'

His eyes shone — he had had at least that part in the fighting. I happened to know that, boy though he was, he had assisted, too, in the perilous work of getting letters, if not men, across the frontier. He had been suspected and arrested, though in the end he was released for lack of evidence.

Monsieur then told me that he himself was astonished that he had been able to save so much. 'For you must understand, madame,' he said, 'these requisitioning bands brought expert architects and engineers with them. They sat down in this house, for example, until they had produced a complete plan of it, showing the thickness of the walls and the passages, and accounting, as they supposed, for every cubic foot of space. They climbed over the roof and searched the gutters; but as so often happened during their four years of perfect organization and control, they crawled directly over my swords and were quite ignorant of their presence.'

Roof-gutters saved many a household not possessing a back garden. Naturally, everyone was on the alert to know when he might expect the pillagers; and the night before the threatened visit, the most agile member of the family (forced by thieves to assume the rôle of a thief) climbed stealthily in the dark to the roof, and tucked the coffee percolator under some leaves in the gutter, or lifted tiles and dropped the soup-kettle beneath them. The danger past, the necessary vessel was returned to service, only to be hurried off to the gutter again on the next alarm. Often the hiding-place was kept secret by the one who selected it: it was safer, if the Germans came, that but one should know. Instead of climbing to the roof at night, women occasionally packed their most prized copper and bronze into a suitcase, and as the Boches entered, Madame walked out, valise in hand — on her way to the canteen, she explained. At night she returned with her valise. Since some houses were visited five or six times, the players of the game grew expert. But their implacable oppressors profited, too, by experience; though there always remained a few stupid ones, and those who were ready to sell themselves for cigars or money.

The English aviator who dropped an erring bomb on an Antwerp civilian's house, ripping off the façade, little realized what 'aid and comfort' he was offering the enemy. From ground to roof, every foot of the inter-wall space was filled with brass and copper and wool and bronze — extraordinary hanging-gallery of *objets d'art*, suddenly revealed. Needless to add, the Germans brought this unlucky exhibit to a swift close, and thenceforth tore away suspected sections and hammered at walls more ruthlessly than ever.

In Brussels Madame M——'s beautiful hall was ruined, one German breaking his hammer on the marble wall in

the process, but quickly requisitioning another to continue his work. In this same house, in order more comfortably to beat on a carved oak panel, the soldiers climbed on to a wooden chest. As it happened, the wall concealed nothing, while the chest, which they sat upon and did not open, contained several valuable bronzes.

The Germans did not like the forests — at least, individuals and small groups preferred the open. So it was sometimes possible for a peasant to tether his cow and pig in a trench between trees of a nearby wood, cover this subterranean stall with leaves, and return to look on complacently while the enemy agent tramped over his pretty open farm. Incredible as it seems, some peasants were able to conceal their cattle in the very barns the Germans searched. In one instance, a farmer secured his group at the rear of the barn, by filling the section in front to the roof with hay: when the soldiers entered, this was clearly but a fodder barn. It happened in this case that they slept on the premises several nights, in a building adjoining the barn, and this peasant performed the astonishing feat of feeding his cows (climbing back and forth over the hay-wall at safe intervals) and of keeping them quiet during the whole of the danger period.

II

How many heavy days and nights of the occupation have been enlivened by this game of beating the Boches on the farm, in the kitchen and drawing-room — and, I may add, in the dining-room and the bedroom! For, as soon as all linen and wool were commandeered, the sole purpose of each Belgian was to conceal his linen and wool. Floors were ripped up, and tablecloths and sheets and mattress-wool stuffed between the boards. There were other ways, too, of

defeating the Boches. Women of Brussels dyed their stout linen sheets an attractive blue, or rose, or brown, and fashioned them into smart summer suits, making sandals to match from napkins. These they wore in triumph on the boulevards during all the summer of 1918, and for them this was equivalent to waving a Belgian flag in the face of the German officers they passed. When Doctor T—— arrived in Brussels two weeks after the Germans had evacuated, and we were walking along the Boulevard Anspach, he expressed some surprise at the coats three women in front of us were wearing — they were of excellent material and very *chic*.

I smiled. 'Yes, they are unusual,' I said; 'they are "Victory coats," made of blankets saved from the Germans by being dyed dark blue and cut into those smart winter models.'

The two beautiful little daughters of M. A——, the banker, passed us; they also were wearing 'Victory coats.' The banker himself walked by later, in his new suit — he was being hailed by his friends, as 'Le Baron de la Poche Gauche' (the Baron of the Left-hand Pocket). This fun-loving people swiftly discovered that a suit which has been turned has the pocket on the left side. The spirit of raillery has defied all suffering, all oppression.

As is evidenced by their methods of search, the Germans suspected the secretion of mattress-wool; but they had no idea to what extent it had been hidden away. In the first place, many houses had more mattresses than those necessary for the family; in the second, hair mattresses were not requisitioned, and women laboriously separated the hair from one mattress, using it to re-fill, partially at least, several cases from which they had emptied the wool. Some mattresses were mixed; from these they carefully picked the wool, and when

most hardly pressed, they filled cases with rags or straw.

I know women who stuffed their wool into bottles and buried it. Mademoiselle S—— told me that she counted forty bottles to a mattress. When I arrived at Madame B——'s, on the nineteenth, the servants had just excavated the mouldy wooden cases containing the wool of eighteen mattresses. They were picking over the spoiled layers next the wood, and preparing to wash and sun the remainder. This household, too, had smuggled some of its wool into town, and had had it secretly spun into yarn for stockings for orphans.

Madame X—— hid her possessions under the floor of the very room in her house in which a German officer slept. He lay on a thin hair mattress above the wool that had been picked from it. Thus she 'mocked' the oppressor. This delight in 'mocking' the Boches heartened the people to the end. Five days before Brussels was free, a brave spirit set a barrel stuffed with wool, damp earth still clinging to it, in the street. He had pulled some of the victorious fleece through the spout and stuck a Belgian flag through it, so that any German who ran might read.

It is indeed a true saying, that familiar one, 'The Belgians meet everything with a laugh.' They do, but this does not imply that there may not be tears behind the laugh. In the rue Royale, one rainy morning last week, I saw a cart drawn up before a comfortable-looking house, to which men were bringing baskets and odd, damp packages from the cellar and rear garden. They had already deposited two wicker hampers covered with white mould, that must have contained wine; and on top of them, three tall brass lamps wrapped in linen sheets that were green and rotted. Only tatters of the original newspaper coverings hung from the pic-

ture-frame rims, and *lustres*, and bronze portrait busts, which they carried reverently out, one by one. The servants scarcely spoke, and Monsieur stood by, directing silently the placing of this earth-smelling collection. His wife remained in the hallway, reviewing each article as it passed. Twice I tried to talk with her; but she could not speak, and her eyes were filled with tears. I felt as if I had been assisting at the exhuming of a corpse. I do not know what tragedy lay behind the moving of this heterogeneous collection of household treasure.

The lucky ones were those who had the neutral legations to help them. One official slept with fifteen clocks in his bedroom. It is reported that when, during 'Revolution week' (November 10-17), a German officer appealed at the Spanish Legation for protection for his trunks, the Marquis of Villalobar replied, 'I regret that I am unable to accommodate you, for my legation space is quite filled with the bronze and copper of my Belgian friends.' Throughout the four years Belgians went to him for aid in their little personal struggles against their slave-drivers, — in battles which seemed comparatively unimportant, but whose winning was vital to the morale of the country, — and he rarely failed them.

I remember very well a celebrated potato-patch — once a wide lawn — in front of a country château, and the day in 1916, when the German officers arrived to commandeer all the potatoes it might contain. Madame, with a swift inspiration, remembering how pleased the Spanish Ambassador had been with the gift of a basket of potatoes a few months before, stoutly defended her plot. To the German announcement, she replied, 'I must inform you that you may not disturb these potatoes, since the entire acreage is under the protection of the flag of Spain. They

are the property of the Marquis of Villalobar.' And the Germans left them. Then she, poor woman, had to exercise her wit and energy (there were no motors, no bicycles or carriages) to get a quick message to the Legation announcing to the Ambassador that she hoped he would be pleased to learn that she presented him this year, not with a basket, but with her complete potato-crop! And the marquis did not renounce the protectorate.

The amazing thing about Villalobar is that, at the end of the four years, he has won the gratitude of all parties; for the service that he rendered Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria in giving him asylum during Revolution week, together with other similar services, will not be forgotten by the Germans.

The danger that still threatens Brussels, ever since the enemy has left, is suggested in the following extract from a note I received this noon: 'Just a word, to tell you I went to the Cinquantenaire Museum this morning to arrange our visit. However, it is wholly militarized and no one is allowed inside. It seems that bombs have been put in several places, and the military engineers are looking after them. Let us hope our poor laces will not be blown up. I might try again, but it seems safer not to go, as some of the bombs may explode as late as January first.'

At dinner, I mentioned the news concerning the bombs in the Museum to Monsieur H——, a member of the ministry recently returned from Havre. 'The brain refuses to believe,' he said, 'even after these four years, in the deliberate planning of such an act of infamy; but, even if it was not deliberately planned, they are almost as culpable in choosing a museum as a storage dépôt for bombs.' Then a whimsical smile crossed his face. 'You may understand, madame,' he added, 'that this is disquieting information for me per-

sonally, when I tell you that I have a lovely Greek head of the third century hidden in one of the Egyptian mummy-cases of the Cinquantenaire. I have known the curator many years, and he agreed to try to save her for me. I should not be surprised if she has much company in her gruesome cell. But to lose her now after I believed her safe — she was my most precious possession [I looked about the beautiful salon, with its paintings and statues and Renaissance carvings] — to lose that exquisite Greek head after the vandals have gone — that would be too hard!'

Possibly I enjoyed more than any other minor triumph that of Mr. Samuel, the sculptor, whose statue, *La Brabançonne*, was set up in the *Place de Ville* to celebrate the liberation of Brussels. I went as soon as possible to his studio, and found Madame Samuel rearranging several fine old copper and brass jars. Already the metal door-fixtures shone in place of the carved wooden substitutes; the window-fastenings were all in their places, for they had been heavily painted to imitate the gray of the surrounding wood. Across one corner of the studio, Mr. Samuel had built a false staff-wall, painted it, rubbed it with a dirty sponge, and, to give it a proper work-room finish, carelessly splashed plaster on it. It was behind this wall that he piled his bronze and copper, brass, and wool, and crystal candelabra, and in with them, carefully wrapped in wool, the model of his Victory statue — the starry-eyed, glorified woman, Belgium, thrusting forward the flag that symbolizes her martyrdom and her triumph. I had seen his model in 1916, not yet completed, when Mr. Samuel had expressed his confidence in me by lifting a linen cloth that concealed it.

When the space was filled, boards were placed across the top, and on them two solemn plaster busts; then

stands and working materials in front of the whole. Monsieur stuffed the hollow busts in the studio with wool and other treasure, and went on with his modeling. All was so cleverly executed that, when the Boches arrived, they were completely deceived; if they had but once accidentally leaned against the sham wall, all would have been lost. To prevent suspicion, a few bronze busts had been left on their pedestals; and when a vandal whipped out his knife and began scratching a shoulder to test the bronze, the artist, in swift anger, struck the knife to the floor. 'How dare you!' he cried; 'this is the work of these hands and this brain, and you shall not destroy it. I am professor, sculptor — titles you pretend to honor in your country. You shall not mutilate my statues.'

The soldier stood a moment, stupidly, awkwardly, then picked up his knife and passed on. This incident probably helped to save the whole situation. However that may be, the Boches were no sooner beyond the threshold, than the bronze model was brought forth and work on the Victory statue proceeded with fresh vigor and purpose. The last German soldier (except the two or three thousand in hiding) left Brussels at ten Sunday morning, and that afternoon La Brabançonne was being set up in the Place de Ville.

I have spoken of victories; alas, many knew only defeat. The Germans arrived too swiftly, or were inescapably clever or brutal. The four years furnish a record of continued pillage of articles

of every description. In general, the country was thoroughly robbed of its metal and its wool, orphanages and hospitals being frequent victims. And at the end, when they knew they were going, the Boches sank lower than ever. Many caches which had escaped discovery during the entire period of occupation were uncovered in the last ugly raids, and their miscellaneous treasure thrown on to trucks or canal-boats. Some of this loot had to be abandoned, and is at present under army guard. However, despite the great crime and its outward achievement, in every smallest village little victories have been daily won.

Soldiers, visitors, facile journalists now hurrying through, may look in vain for any big demonstration of the joy of Brussels over her deliverance. In general, Belgium is too sad, too tired, too dulled to emotion to express much. The great cry to Burgomaster Max from the multitude in the Grand Place, as he appeared on the balcony above them after four years in German prisons, — a cry lifting toward joy but weighted still with the pain and weariness of years, — and five days later, the stronger, cleaner call to their beloved leader and King; a city of flags and flowers, — yes, — but to those hurrying by, little they can place their hands on. The immense reality is actual and tangible only in its partial, humble manifestations. That is why it has been a happy privilege to go from hearth to hearth, to celebrate with the victors the return of their household gods.

Dec 1923
Atlantic Monthly

NOT EIGHTEEN

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

TRUSTEE WILLIAMSON had come down to Trustee Maguire's house, to look me over. 'Pretty thin — most all eyes,' I caught after his first look; and after the second, a terrifying, 'Not eighteen!'

I shivered. I felt myself dwindling and shrinking under the hard blue eyes of the huge, hairy trustee, who recognized a letter as his only when he saw that the name on it spanned the width of the envelope — his was the longest name among those of the dozen pioneers in this remote California corner of tumbled hills, of stony, stubborn hills, for all their soft and gentle look. 'Not eighteen.' This rough, illiterate giant had some discernment, after all.

I had just been elected to Stony Hollow School. With what consternation the kindly board chairman, who came in person after a late session to bring the good news, had watched me burst into tears on receiving it! How could he hear the little gate of my girlhood closing behind me? How could he know how desperately distant Stony Hollow sounded in my untraveled ears? Or guess my tumultuous questioning of what awaited me at the journey's end? A week later I had climbed into a cart, and with the reins grasped tightly in one hand had waved the other in gay good-bye to mother. And after two days — days so gloriously gold and blue, despite the thick dust of the rough wagon-roads; days stretching so

deliciously from ridge to ridge and valley to valley that I wanted only to go on — I reached the Hollow.

I had been warned as I set off that more important than any mere teaching of spelling and arithmetic to children was the job of converting Trustee Williamson to education. For he sardonically refused to send any of his six boys and girls to the struggling school, which seemed doomed to lapse without them. School? Not for his offspring! That old Southern mammy knew what she was talking about when she said, 'Lor, chile, when yuh aint got an eddication, yuse jes' got to use yo brains.'

And now of me, his 'Not eighteen'! The sharp appraisal was no auspicious beginning. And what of mother, depending on me, if he should press for proof of my age qualification? My grammar-school principal, fatherly friend, had been certain that I would succeed. Our town board had been glad to ignore the lacking year, as they assured me I would succeed. I myself believed I could succeed if left alone with the children. But this first Saturday morning I was shaken with fears.

'You'll be coming right over to spend the night. You can see the chickens.' He turned to me with a gruff word of welcome.

This I took more as a command than an invitation, for I knew that inter-trustee jealousies would brook no delay in my visiting round.

It had been conceded that Trustee Maguire's house would be my boarding-place, partly because of its central position, but chiefly because this trustee, with his shock of white hair and stubby white moustache, sent occasional news-items to the *Silverado Enterprise*. His title of correspondent made the Maguires social dictators of the barren hill-country.

Mrs. Maguire's hair was as slick and black as her husband's was white and wiry, and wound in a tight knot at the back of her head; her longish narrow face was as sallow as his round one was ruddy; and her small near-set black eyes were as sharp as his blue ones were twinkling and kindly. But I learned to know that she was, after all, better than her disposition.

'Begosh, and I hope ye'll make out,' she had said, as, arms akimbo, she watched me on my arrival trying to settle myself in my tiny lean-to room. 'It's, begosh, a long ways you've come.'

There was no unpacking to be done, for the obvious reason that there was no place to put anything I might unpack; but Mamie and Malvina and Dannie, my pupils, and all three within as many years of my own age, were as eager as their mother to see what my mysterious little wooden trunk held. So, before pushing it under the bed, I spread the contents upon it: the three crisp white blouses, and the bright plaited gingham dress (how mother had worked over folding them), and then — and that was what they were breathlessly waiting for — the party dress. Malvina and Mamie smoothed and shook the full white China silk, my grammar-school graduation dress, with delighted hands. They ran their fingers fondly over the broad shirring around the waist and throat, and I promised to teach them how to shirr. But we were not allowed to linger over the white silk, for Mr. Maguire was calling me,

impatiently, from the field. We refolded the treasure, pushed the diminutive trunk under the cot bed, and I hastened outside.

'You see that hill, yonder,' — the correspondent pointed across the black adobe flat on which the rough pine house stood, — 'you go over there and stand at the bottom of it, and I'll go over to this one' — waving toward the opposite slope. 'All you've got to do when you get there's listen!'

I struggled wonderingly across the sticky field, shooing off turkeys and patting a horse on my way, and took up my position. From across the flat he motioned me still farther along the hill base; then, satisfied, he stopped, and, after waiting a moment till convinced that I was all attention, lifted his hands to his lips, and I caught faintly, incredulously, from across the clearing, 'Ship ahoy!' And then, louder and unmistakably, 'Ship ahoy!'

I was dazed, but there was no doubting that call. So I cupped my hands and returned with all my might, — 'Ship ahoy!'

He waved his arms ecstatically. I had heard. And I felt that, in some amazing way, I had made good. We met in the middle of the field, and there I knew his secret. Exiled old mariner that he was, fast anchored here among stony hills, he was consumed night and day with longing for the sea. He did not dare try the neighbors, and family sympathy and interest had long since gone dry. I was the one hope of some easing of his pain. And I had proved to him that a passing ship could still catch his 'Ship ahoy!' I would help him to evoke the great spirit of his past.

'You can teach that school, eighteen or not,' he finished delightedly. 'You can teach the school.'

And from then on, day after day, when my work was finished, we took our positions on the opposite hill bases

and called back and forth across the adobe sea, in the still twilight — 'Ship ahoy!'

I had never seen the sea. This was my first intimate touch with its mastery over men who give themselves to it. During all my girlhood I had dreamed of it, thinking that I realized its immensity when we sang in Sunday school, —

'There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea';

thrilling to its adventure and dangers through Drake and Nelson of the school reader, then breathlessly following Ulysses, and finally losing myself in its mystery and enchantment when Keats made of my own rude window-sill a magic casement. And here, among the silent hills, was proof of all I had believed of the sea. More and more I fell under the spell of our game, transported to the dazzling ocean world with its endless processions of passing ships, and, each time as we called, seeing fresh peril averted. 'Ship ahoy!' and I could teach the school!

There was another game that we played, and in which, on peaceful evenings, the family joined — the game of unwinding the ball. This was an imaginary ball of yarn held in the correspondent's hand, the tightly wound chronicle of the day's events; and, as he told them off one by one, a diminishing ball. Our part in the game consisted in prompting — 'But don't you remember, Mag broke her tie-rope'; or, 'No, it was *six* o'clock when Ed Jones galloped up with the weekly mail'; until the ball was quite unwound and ready to begin rewinding itself with the morrow's dawn.

II

Yes, I might teach, so far as this ruddy sailor was concerned. But he

was only one of three, and day and night I was tormented with the thought of the impending visit to big Bill Williamson's house. Several times I planned to hitch up the rickety old cart at night, and flee over the hills and safely back to Silverado. But mother!

It was only when shut safely inside the flimsy wooden box set up on pegs, my schoolhouse, with my twelve children, that I forgot all else. I arrived as early as I could, pulse high after my rapid walk through the radiant morning, hurried eagerly up the five steep steps, — carefully skipping the most worn one, through whose wide crack a rattlesnake one day thrust its head, — and stayed as late as I dared. After the last papers and copy books were blue- and red-penciled, I stood, until I could no longer see, before the old blackboard, lost in the joy of grappling with a trigonometry problem. I had left home hugging an elementary 'Trig' and a first Greek grammar; and when shut in alone, in the gathering dusk, with these two precious red volumes, I was rich and happy beyond compare. Beyond the blackboard I saw college doors swinging to let me in! The fact that there was no high school in the town where I grew up, and that I could hope for no more than my grammar-school course, did not dim that vision. All through those grammar-school years I had said my morning prayers kneeling before a green-shuttered window, looking up through the shutters, as I prayed, at the resplendent cross on top of the high steeple of a Catholic church near by. For me, then, it was quite detached from any religion; it was simply the golden promise of the realization of my university dream.

As often as they could, Dora Nash and Dan Maguire, my two brightest pupils, — and, incidentally, both older than I, — stayed on with me for an

hour or more after the four-o'clock dismissal. Poor Dan! overgrown, undernourished, yet with fine blue eyes and high forehead; sensitive, silent Dan — how I longed, as I helped him with some simple problems in physics, to be able to lift him out of this stony trap, where no farm had yet paid, and set him down where he might have half a chance.

With Dora, to whom I was glad to teach extra algebra and what little botany I knew, it was different; she would always have a chance. She was strong, breezy, and, despite her thin, straw-colored hair and freckles, good-looking. Her father had not been caught in this implacable corner, but had luckily settled on friendlier ground some distance away. Her mother had died when she was a little girl, so Dora kept the house. After supper, when there was nothing more to be done for the fruit trees, the tall, straight-backed old man, with his gentle blue eyes and long white beard, used to sit looking out across the spicy garden at his beehives, while Dora played for him, on the melodeon, hymns he used to sing with her mother. The bees were his delight. He swarmed them without mask or gloves, working among them as successfully as he did fearlessly. 'They never sting a Christian,' he asserted with smiling faith.

Because of the melodeon, Dora was my music-master in school, where we gathered about her each morning for our nine-o'clock singing. She was also my mainstay in Sunday school. The Maguires objected to this service; but knowing what it meant to the other isolated families I insisted on keeping the schoolhouse open on Sunday. With Dora to lead the singing and to help teach her week-day classmates, I had all the assistance I needed. Indeed, holding Sunday service was easier for me than the more unfamiliar schoolday

task, for the parsonage had been a kind of second home to me. When fifteen, as president of the Junior League, I had been sent out in its interest to cover the district circuit, much as the itinerant preacher did, and speak from successive pulpits during part of the church hour.

Yes, all Sunday mornings were happy ones, and all school mornings and afternoons. And the noontimes! At noon, partly because I could not eat my lunch and the children must not know that I could n't, and partly for more important reasons, I made a practice of slipping away as soon as they were comfortably settled out of doors, and busy over their lard-can-lunch-pails. I hurried along the curving hill-slope at the left of the rough clearing, watching for rattlesnakes as I went, and when just out of sight of the ugly wooden box turned and climbed straight up the hillside, until I reached a narrow plateau, a field of shimmering white, where myraids of exquisite fragrant little mountain pinks spread their silken corollas in the sun. With a shout I opened my pail, and extracting the daily, thick, underdone, saffron-colored biscuits, with their slice of bacon, flung them as far as I could to the squirrels. Then I sank down deliciously upon this fairy-like, silken bed. Its sheer beauty was rest and refreshment. And, as I lay, it became suddenly the shining magic carpet that lifted up and up through the luminous noontide reaches, high above the rounded hills; and then off we were, and over the blue horizon, just far enough for me to glimpse the grand buildings, — my old Scotch friend had thus described the university, — the grand buildings, with their great doors that opened on the world. Incredible, glistening bower, hung there aloft so lavishly by the same Nature that so grimly denied the stony slope below it!

All would have gone well: I could have stood the frequently stormy nights at the Maguires' — I still see sensitive Dan's flushed face as words grew louder and angrier. I could have stood even that dreadful night when coffeepot and rolling-pin went whizzing toward opposite heads. And the rattlesnakes; though when I opened my eyes one dawn upon a particularly long and thick one gliding in over my low window-sill and ran calling for help to Mrs. Maguire, I felt that the snakes would win the victory. Mrs. Maguire flew to the rescue with a kettle of boiling water, and thus another bridge was crossed.

III

Yes, the days were bright enough, except for the shadow that fell so persistently across their sunny spaces — the unreasoned dread of the visit to the big trustee's. Finally, it could not be postponed another day. And as I started for school on a Wednesday morning, I carried a little paper parcel, my visiting-outfit. Mrs. Maguire was almost as unhappy as I over this approaching ordeal, and made no attempt to conceal her anxiety. In her eyes big Bill W. was a heathen monster. 'Begosh, and I hope ye'll come back all right,' she said, apprehensively wiping a corner of her eye. As I went through the door, I thought for one incredulous moment that she was going to gather me in her arms. If she had, I probably should n't have started.

Her sailor husband laughed at us both, and, walking with me a few steps, 'Now don't you let that bushy giant see you're afraid of him, for one minute,' he said. 'He's never eaten anybody yet. You *argue* him; if you can make him send those poor lost children of his to school that'll be the biggest feather you ever stuck in your

cap.' And then, as I rounded the hill, I heard, 'Ship ahoy!' and turned to see him waving cheerily.

Fortunately that school day was an especially full one — no time for foolish forebodings. It was past five o'clock when I smoothed down my gingham plaits, tucked my parcel under my arm and started slowly along the Williamson trail. I had not yet seen Mrs. Williamson (Jasmine), or one of the six children; and I hoped, as I followed the winding stony way between hills, that the trustee might be off somewhere, and that I could begin my visit with the others. But no, as I sighted the sagging gate, there he was mightily digging beside it. Mustering courage, I called cheerfully as I approached, —

'Good-evening, Mr. Williamson!'

'Well,' he said, 'you come at last; thought the chickens would all be to roost 'fore you got here.'

And without delay he started off with me for the coops and sheds. After I had listened to the ejaculatory story of the perils of chicken-raising in this wild country, which back in Kentucky they had told him was all tamed and soft, he made me count out loud, as he listened delightedly, every hen and chick. These were his fortune. I was, in a way, making a twilight appraisal of it for him. From the chickens themselves we turned to the nests and the eggs, and I do not know how far into the dusk he would have kept me there adding, had not little Minnie come to tell us that supper had been waiting already a long time.

Outside, with the chickens, I could largely forget my terrors; but inside the narrow, high-peaked kitchen, despite the timid greetings of Jasmine and her six children, all pathetically glad to see me, they came flooding back. For all through our supper at the long board table, I felt the family fear of the master: no word from any of the

children, except the eldest, twenty-two-year-old Lem, almost as big as his father, and simple-minded. He prattled on like a good-natured baby. Jasmine had done her best with the supper, and she knew how to cook: fried chicken and fluffy biscuits and quince jelly. She was delighted with my compliments; and by fixing our attention entirely on our food, we managed to get through the meal with what must have been distinct success. If only I could have escaped directly afterward!

But when the dishes were washed, we filed into a small splintery-floored room off the kitchen, where there was a primitive stove and some odds and ends of chairs. Jasmine stirred the fire, and then we settled down in a circle to our 'evening.'

But we were no sooner down than up we got; for big Bill loudly proposed, 'Hide-and-seek.' I wondered for a moment if he had divined Jim Maguire's parting, 'You argue him,' and was bent cleverly on checkmating us. But as we dashed from door to door, under beds and behind boxes, I was convinced that he was but following his own bent: he adored 'Hide-and-seek' and gave it up only after even the three youngest had sunk back panting within the circle.

'Spin the plate,' he quickly proposed.

Lem ran for a pie tin, and we crouched and tumbled and spun, the huge trustee always the most boisterous in the tumbling and the spinning, until he again changed the bill. We ran down his list of romping and guessing games. No arguing; no feather; I saw that quickly. I tried then to do what I could with the children and their mother. When finally both list and players were exhausted, and big Bill announced that he was going to 'turn in,' that meant that the rest of us must.

I found to my intense relief that I was to have a tiny room alone. It was

almost filled by a wide, ugly walnut bedstead, carried along with greatest difficulty in the prairie schooner, more than halfway across the continent — the family altar. Jasmine shyly pressed my hand in good-night, and I heard the children scattering to their cots as I partly undressed. The spectacle of the gamboling giant had not been a calming one, and I found it impossible to commit myself to any unguarded sleep beneath this uncanny roof. I slipped under the quilts, but remained sitting straight up against the walnut headboard.

However, despite my resolve to keep awake, I did fall into sleep, — for how long I do not know, — but only to be violently shaken out of it as I felt the bed rocking, the house lurching. My heart pounded; I clutched the sheet and held my breath in the utter blackness, making a superhuman effort not to scream; for I was sure that this was some diabolical prank of the huge trustee, or worse. Then, amid a loud confusion outside, I heard him shouting, 'Earthquake!' and I sank tremblingly, thankfully back, and breathed once again. I had felt only tremors before, never one like this, but earthquakes might come by the dozen; let them come! The shed-house stood the shock, and gradually settled with creakings and cracklings back to quiet. When I crawled out from under the quilts at dawn, big Bill was already with his chickens, and I could quietly and humanely help his wife with the breakfast. Part of her scant stock of dishes, alas, had been smashed in the night.

During breakfast big Bill was taciturn, entirely occupied with the worries of patching up after this shaking. And I did not dare even mention the school of which he was a trustee.

Utterly discouraged, and yet thankful just to be still alive, I started off,

promising poor Jasmine that I would come again, while I urged her to try to get to the schoolhouse Sunday morning. As I started, overgrown, feeble-minded Lem stepped up beside me and took my lunch-pail. He had made up what mind he had; he was going to school! It needed no family council for that; nobody objected; learning could not hurt Lem! And from that day on, Lem was completely dedicated to education and to me. He took his place obediently on the bench with the four little tots in first-reader class, struggled valiantly with 'The cat ate the rat'; carried water from the well; brought me a rare rose or a wild flower; drove rattlesnakes from under the schoolhouse, hunted them indefatigably all about it; he even once managed to get to the far-distant post-office and surprise me with a letter.

One alarming day, when, raising his hand, he called me by my first name, the whole class was galvanized into fascinated expectation of what teacher would do. But since teacher evidently considered this the most natural occurrence in the world, tension slackened and heads went back to their books. When, after school, I tried to explain to him how he could make my work easier by sticking to the forms, he smiled happily and said he understood. And he partly did, and tried, poor Lem; but with only intermittent success.

I did not win the other children, though they were allowed to attend Sunday School. However, nothing more was said about the age qualification, and the big trustee came with his entire family to the school dance.

'Don't be downcast,' kindly Jim Maguire had said; 'you've done more than anyone before you. It's a job for the police.'

But I could not be cheered into forgetting how I had failed those sad children and sadder Jasmine.

IV

To direct the Sunday School was simple; to engineer the schoolhouse dance was formidable. All the guns of the church in which I had been brought up were focused on the evils of dancing. I had never danced; how was I to preside as floor-manager at the most important of the whole term's events? Perhaps my chief chance of success lay in making this particular party the prettiest picture the Hollow had yet seen. I unfolded my white China silk — yes, it would do. Then began plans with the children. There must be a swift scrubbing of the splintery floor. My platform would be pushed back against the rear wall and embowered in oak boughs, to serve as dais for the three fiddlers. The school benches would follow the walls, which must quite disappear behind latticed greenery (the little children would sleep on these benches); the ceiling became easily a leafy bower; bunches of wild flowers would give brightness to dark corners. But the stove — hideous object — thrusting like a dangerous rock from the middle of the floor: we were in despair over the stove. And yet, when hillsides had been scoured and the few nearby coverts made to contribute their ferns and blossoms, even the stove, transformed into a mossy mound, seemed a part of the general loveliness. The children could scarcely wait until mothers should see and exclaim.

While we were busy in the schoolhouse, they were bustling about the ovens. Each vied with her neighbor in the bread-making and cake-making, and in the boiling of the hams and chickens. For neighbors from the hills beyond the hills, whom they rarely saw except at this one social function of the year, would be there. Mrs. McLaughlin, of course, was making a whole row of her sour-milk pies.

Dusk had already fallen when Annie and Katie and I, tired but excited, ran across the adobe flat, and I began helping them to arrange their hair, which had been carefully wound in rags the night before, and to slip into their pink and blue lawns. Mrs. Maguire already had on her black silk, with its full gathered skirt and *passementerie* trimming, and was packing the ham and chickens in the wash-boiler, and piling up the tin milk-pans in which the sandwiches were to be passed. The cart was out, and Trustee Jim was buckling the last strap of shaggy Maggie's harness.

There was no time for any special twisting of my own hair, for I must be the first to return to the schoolhouse. I hooked my white silk down the front, and calling good-bye as I threw a little shawl over my shoulders, hurried on ahead through the star-filled evening. And I had no more than reached the school door before my faithful Dora ran panting up the steps.

Very soon, others began to arrive — Bob Brown and his crowd from very far away, of whom I had been warned as the 'rough ones.' I watched them tie their horses under a clump of trees and deposit mysterious packages in the undergrowth. With each family group came the clothes-boiler and milk-pans; these were gathered near the sandwich table we had set in the corner beside the platform, where the fiddlers, with their long gray beards and long hair, were already tuning up. Through the open door we could see the fathers building the campfire for the coffee-pot.

Every woman had on her black dress, silk or poplin as might be, and her embroidered apron to protect it as she cut sandwiches and cakes; and there were a few coral and garnet necklaces and some pretty old jet and gold earrings — treasures antedating these

bitter pioneering days. I had all but forgotten the dancing in my pleasure in their proud happiness over the table they were piling high. And I had not noticed that the young girls had retreated, as one, to a corner, and that all the young men had disappeared. They were outdoors fortifying themselves from the mysterious packages.

Then the first fiddler began beating time with his foot; and as the three bows scraped the catgut, he called the opening quadrille. There was a bold rush up the steps, and a good-natured assault on the solid corner. One by one the girls were pulled out, either by an arm or the waist, and with much stamping of feet and laughter the figures were made and the bowing and crossing and turning begun. Fathers and mothers joined in with great zest. I sank back against the pine boughs — and then turned to arrange sandwiches. From quadrille, to galloping polka and *schottische*, on and on through the breathless hours we went, with, for midnight climax, a romping Virginia reel.

And now came the event toward which the whole evening had progressed. We had long been catching tantalizing whiffs from the huge coffee-pot boiling over the campfire. Lem slipped a stout stick through its handle and brought it steaming to the sandwich table, while we lined up to hold tin cups under it. Mothers called as they passed the heavy milk-pans, 'That's Sallie's chicken sandwich,' or, 'Try this ham one, it's Annie's.' Innumerable sandwiches were followed by innumerable thick slices of layer cake and wide cuts of pie. Such feasting! And for the fiddlers on their dais, too, of course. By this time all my anxieties had taken wing, for I had supposed all along that the supper ended the party. But now, wide-eyed, I found that we had only begun! One o'clock, two o'clock, three

o'clock; if the first half had been a jolly success, the second half was a riotous one. Reel after reel, till the first silver of dawn flooded the clearing. That was the signal.

The faithful fiddlers sheathed their bows and, with breakfast sandwiches in their hands, led off on the trail. The little children were shaken from their sleep on the benches, boilers and milk-pans and coffeepot were loaded into uncertain carts and wagons. I had expected to walk home, but 'rough' Bob Brown, whose way lay in quite a different direction, gallantly insisted that I ride his white horse, while he walked beside it as far as the Maguire flat. As he helped me seat myself sideways on the cross-saddle, I saw that all the others who had horses were falling in behind me. Tired as I was, this friendliness almost brought tears. I remember, too, my delight in riding thus in white silk on a white horse at dawn. I had seen copies of Italian frescoes, and I wondered if, from some far height, Gozzoli or Ghirlandajo might be looking down upon our own rude little cavalcade winding in and out among the young hills.

The Rumbles had come to the dance, despite the fact that I had not yet spent the night with them — Mr. Rumble was the third trustee. Until then I had not seen him. I might be seventeen or nineteen, both were one to him. Between the Maguires and the Rumbles was bitter feud over an ancient fence, and if the Maguires could have prevented it, I should never have visited the Rumbles, school or no school. Their two little freckled, red-haired girls, in my fourth and sixth grades, were encouragingly quiet and obedient, but they had a stepbrother, almost thirty, and the hills echoed with tales of his mad ways. He had finally, some four years before I came, been committed to an asylum, from

which he had just been released as cured. But according to the Maguires there existed no cure for such an evil one; and, though I tried in every way to forget him, terror of the 'released' shackled my steps as I started on the Monday evening after the dance for the Rumbles. I knew their house was no more than a barn-like, single room. How could I hope to escape him?

And yet they seemed, as they welcomed me, the most crushed and colorless family in the whole district. All through the evening meal, at the plank table near the stove, we chatted easily enough about the dance, the little girls' lessons, the fruitless struggle to wring anything from this corner of the California whose every acre they had pictured running with milk and honey. And in their talk I heard again the answer to the question I had at first asked myself almost hourly. Economically their struggle was hopeless. For though, as part of a vast Spanish grant, this land had once yielded to the great herds turned loose upon its slopes and fed them well, all later attempts like these to call paying green farms from its hard surfaces it resisted pitilessly. Why was this handful of men and women fighting on? Why was there any school at all; or one trustee, even such a one as Bill Williamson? Part of the answer I now knew. The glamour of the golden hills was upon them. Barren they might be, yet they were flowing with the milk and honey of poetry, and to these enduring pioneers this was compensation.

Always as we talked I kept close watch of the strangely silent 'released,' with his carrot-colored hair and trailing moustaches. I noticed with relief that there was a loft built out over a third of the kitchen, with a ladder running up to it; perhaps I was to sleep there. Luckily I was; and soon after supper I climbed the ladder with the two little

girls. Yet after we had crawled into our cots and the lamp was out below, it seemed so easy to roll off the unbalanced platform and down to where lay the 'mad one,' that I gripped the cot bars, determined not to loosen my hold. But again I fell asleep, and awakened only when I heard the three grown-ups stirring about the stove. The pump and the tin wash-basin were outside, not far from the door, and after I had let the little girls climb down to get an early turn at the washing, I dressed and followed.

In the doorway I stopped transfixed. The grindstone stood close to the well, and beside it, with a long, sickle-like knife in his hand, which he alternately brandished and pressed against the glittering wheel, stood the 'released.' What an ugly knife, and what desperate flourishing of it! Not a word to me, only an intent look — no halt in the knife-waving! How I forced myself forward I do not know, but somehow I reached the pump, and then, trembling from head to foot, got back to the kitchen and the breakfast-making.

It was after that desperate morning picture that I sent word to mother, begging that my brother (he was nine!) be allowed to come to visit me. And as soon as she could despatch him, the blessed child arrived, laden with Sunday-School papers. From that day I experienced a wonderful sense of protection.

Saturday afternoons I helped Mamie herd the turkeys. She was chiefly responsible for a roving flock of forty. This was genuine sport, for, except where we ran upon certain old Indian paths, the hillsides were trailless and covered with a thick undergrowth of chemisal and manzanita; and the half-wild birds scattered far. No matter how often repeated, I always started on a hunt with zest. For it we had two

mongrel horses, but no saddles; and to stick on, bareback, as we dashed through and over and under the dense brushwood required vigilant balancing. The search greatly excited the horses, and with every gobble I had to take an extra grip with my knees. It was astonishing that anything short of a big-game hunt could hold so many thrills and suspenses. Once I was thrown backward, but, fortunately, early in the ride, while my thick braids were still bound across the back of my head and acted as a shock-absorber. Mamie was badly frightened; for some minutes she thought me dead; but I was soon astride again and we were off, shoulder-deep in brush.

One by one we frightened the big birds out from under cover and pursued their flapping wings down the slope, until they seemed safely on their way to the roost — a clump of straggling trees on the outskirts of the black clearing. Of course, some of them always turned back and the scurrying and shooing had to be repeated. It was often deep dusk before, red-cheeked and with hair streaming, — no pins were proof against this riding, — we reined our sweating horses on the flat. As we leaped to the ground and began twisting our hair, Mrs. Maguire would appear in the doorway, thrusting back her own black wisps and shaking a fist at the turkey trees.

'Begosh, and I'd like to see ivery evil neck of thim wrung; next time may the coyotes get thim!' Then, peering, as Mamie and I started for the roost, she called sharply, 'Sure you got all, Mamie? Count right!'

If luck were good and the count tallied, we quickly rubbed down our horses, and then began a meticulous search for woodticks — it was just as well to forestall their unpleasant practice of burrowing with their heads into soft flesh. That over, unless it was

quite dark, I hurried for a dip in a stream a half-hour away; then supper, which we ate with gusto, no matter how under-baked or over-fried.

After the first hunt Mamie and I were pals. In the house and at school she had seemed just palely fat and silent, but out scurrying over the hill-sides she wakened into life. We talked of other adventuring, of the world beyond the myriad hills. Mamie was twenty, and had never seen a railway train. When, one day, I said that somehow I was going to manage to borrow the cart and take her the two days' journey (forty miles) to the nearest track and show her a train, her eyes, usually so expressionless, shone with excitement. Could I? Would I? We kept our prodigious plan a secret until the hour was ripe. Then, one bright holiday morning, I boldly announced it; and before the family could catch its breath, we were off, behind shaggy old Maggie, in a cloud of dust.

It was pleasant to see Mamie's face as we caught our first glimpse of the golden wheat-fields of San Jacinto Valley; and again, the second day, as we rounded the shoulder of Mt. May, and the lovelier expanse of Silverado Valley lay spread out below us. And then, as we dropped down, and I saw the first railway tracks not far ahead, I pulled Maggie to a stop, praying for a train. Mamie stood up in the cart in her excitement, straining her eyes. And lo, my prayer was answered! I sighted a line of faded-red freight-cars slowly approaching; crawling, they seemed to me to be, but not to Mamie.

She sank down close beside me. 'Let's back up,' she begged, as she took my hand. I pulled farther away. And then to her gasping terror and delight the terrific monster, with its amazing retinue, rolled by. It was about the slowest freight I had ever seen. Watching Mamie, I wondered what would have happened to her had her first experience been an express.

She continued to hold my hand tightly, silently, as our eyes followed along the shining rails until the mighty live thing had shrunk to only the thinnest line, and then was blotted out against the blue. In Mamie's soul something stirred. All the long way home she plied me with questions. How far was it going? To what kind of country? What was this freight that it carried? For Mamie market sources and outlets were the adobe flat on which she had grown up. Was the whole round earth striped with these marvelous silver bands? And the flying passenger train — was it like a shooting star? Would she ever have a chance to get on one? Would she dare? And above all (as old Mag's own particular snorting told us we were nearing the barn) would I take her again, to see just one more train go by?

Poor Mamie, how I longed to; but there was no further opportunity that term. And then I was moved far across the hills to a larger district. And finally, on a great day, I climbed to the platform of a train bearing southward, toward the grand buildings with the doors that opened on the world. And I thought of Mamie.

CHANGING THOUGHTS OF DEATH

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THREE times before I was ten years old, death came into our house.

Grandmother, who lived with us, and who had taught Fanny and me to read, died when I was six. Fanny and I talked about her death. Fanny was eight. When Christmas came again, Fanny astonished me by asserting that Grandmother had been alive at the previous Christmas. This I could not believe, truthful as I knew Fanny to be. Death had instantaneously removed Grandmother far in time, as she was far in space; far from associating with such things as Christmases; they were incongruous even to speak of in connection with her. I could have summed up my whole conception of death then in the word 'gulf.' So engulfing a thing it was to die, that Grandmother seemed thenceforth never to have lived. She had only moved mysteriously and touchingly among those of us who were really alive, as one who was set apart to die.

When I was eight years old, Fanny herself died; bright-haired Fanny, the fast runner. I never asked father or mother where she had gone. I felt that a sort of dark disgrace had crept over her, and drawn her away; and again, as with Grandmother, the shadow reached backward and darkened all her previous life. She too had been set apart to die. It seemed as if we must have known it always, and as if she must have known it, too, and felt the black magic, like a witch, whispering doom at her elbow. Strange, gruesome, and unfathomable death! turning

grandmothers and sisters into ghostly strangers!

Our mother, and the two aunts who came out West to spend the winter with us, all three dressed in black. They wore crape veils. When people asked about Fanny, what had been the matter with her, they talked with loving yearning about her illness; how unexpected, how baffling it had been.

My little brother and I were rosy and fat, we romped and played, we went to bed early and slept well, we had good appetites, our nerves were tranquil, our lives were regular and pleasant. We seemed to have nothing morbid in our minds; and yet I believe that from my own mind, at least, the shadow of death was never wholly absent. If I 'caught cold,' I thought that I was an acolyte of death, and that fatal 'complications' would 'develop'; an hour of hearty indigestion would make me feel the sides of my coffin rising round me.

At Easter of that year our mother died, and Carl and I slipped naturally into the already homelike care of those two loving and familiar aunts. They brought us up in the New England village of our ancestors, a village thenceforth deeply beloved by us. It is in a valley renowned for its beauty. The beauty of this valley, without any reason that I know of, did away with some of my superstitious fear of death. How do bliss and beauty do away with fear? Perhaps they only fill the heart and crowd fear out. They flood the

ment of our estate. Obviously, all these things require coöperative effort on the grand scale which calls for executive abilities of the highest order. Most of them, also, involve the active participation of the government: some of the more important can hardly be done at all except as governmental activities. With the fiasco of the aeroplane programme fresh in our minds; with government control of the railroads adding \$126,000,000 to the expense of operation in a single month; with delays in mail, delays in paying soldiers, delays in ordnance; with municipal administration the ineffective and often shameful thing it is, how can we hope to place this new and greater burden on our public administrations with any expectation that performance will square with opportunity?

If Democracy, and especially our own democracy, is to prove itself ultimately worthy of the stupendous sacrifices which have been gladly rendered in its name, if it is to actualize the potentialities of a situation unique in the world's history, it must first develop a deeper sense of individual responsibility, and then call to the direction of its affairs a far higher type of administrative capacity than it has been content with in the past. There is no alchemy in the ballot-box which will transmute a good mixer into a great executive, and no accolade can confer brains with office. To do the things we have to do demands vision and wise planning, nation-wide coördination of attack, effective and economical administration, technical knowledge, and much research to bring more knowledge. The conjunction of these essentials is happily not unknown in the larger aspects of American business life, and it is to the American business man in his higher stages of development that we must turn in this Day of Opportunity. He is fresh from great

achievement, as a volunteer, in extemporized relations to the government in the emergency of war. We must now, in our own interest, as proprietors of the estate, provide for him an authoritative and permanent place in our governmental system.

No Congressional committee, no academic council, no ephemeral organization can cope with the stupendous problem. The mutually entangled intricacies of its component elements can be gradually reduced to order and woven into the majestic tapestry of an adequate general plan, only, it would seem, by a permanent commission, as detached from partisan politics as the Supreme Court, comprising in its membership the best executive, economic, and technical brains in the country, and planning and operating over long years. This commission should stand in close relationship to the Chief Executive and to the Congress, its members being appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. It should be compact, with no more than fifteen members, including the Secretaries of Agriculture, Labor, Commerce, and the Interior, through whom the chiefs of the scientific bureaus of the government would be brought into its deliberations. Above all, its members must be drawn chiefly from the great constructive and productive agencies of the country, and must be truly representative of the aspirations and interests of our citizenship. Whether its individual components are members of House or Senate, Republicans or Democrats, should in this relationship be of interest only to their biographers.

Such an Economic Commission would evolve from many economic studies and proposals for specific betterments coördinated plans which would bind together in a close articulation the attainable benefits of each. In the exercise of an intrinsic function, it would submit

to Congress recommendations for the required legislation, and apprise the country of the need and reason for its demands. To it should be assigned ultimate responsibility to Congress, through the President, for the execution of its duly authorized proposals.

The war has developed amongst us a new Bushido, another Samurai class pledged to service. Its membership includes those who have toiled with brain or hand for the common good in a supreme emergency; devoted women; our

youth who on land and sea and in the air have dared the impossible and achieved it. Shall we permit this unity of purpose, this capacity for coöperative effort, to become quickly dissipated in the perpetuation of past mistakes, or shall we, by judicious planning, direct these new and potent forces to the development of our estate, to the end that it may furnish the material basis for a higher civilization?

'It is well to be wise in a great moment.'

THE RETURN OF THE BURGOMASTER

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

You feel the pulse of Brussels at her Place de Ville. Since Sunday, November 10, I have wanted to be there day and night. Again and again in the four terrible years, we tried to picture the Place de Ville on the Day of Liberation. The reality of Sunday, November 17, makes all our imaginings pale.

Just one week before, Sunday afternoon the tenth, the two thousand German Reds had gathered at the Gare du Nord, then separated into squads of about fifty, and with red flags flying had set about their work. They opened the doors of Saint-Gilles and other prisons, and tattered, vermin-covered English and Italian and Russian prisoners staggered into the streets, where Belgians hastened to offer them baths and clothes and food.

Other squads went to the house of the arch-brute Rupprecht of Bavaria, fired on it, and compelled him to renounce his command.

The word oftenest used by the Belgians this week is *pitoyable* — contemptible. They almost forget their hate in their unutterable contempt. They would have been glad, for the sake of human dignity, to recognize in their slave-drivers at least some single fearless gesture. You should hear them describe the flight of the cowardly Rupprecht to the Spanish Legation, where he begged for a bed.

The Marquis de Villalobar, ever fearless, went promptly to the Reds (council of soldiers and sailors) to announce that since, as protecting minister, it was his duty to shelter those in danger, he proposed to keep Prince Rupprecht at the Legation until he could send him in the Spanish car to Holland — which he accomplished on Tuesday. Governor-General von Falkenhausen fled to Germany.

The Reds then took over the Kommandantur, or German police head-

quarters and place of infamy. In Paris, on the Tuesday before, we had read that German Reds in Brussels had thrown Imperial officers from windows. They had not, because it was not necessary. Officers tamely lowered their shoulders and bowed their heads to facilitate the stripping off of their military emblems.

Some soldiers near the Gare du Nord were too drunk to resign, so the Reds turned machine-guns on their headquarters, with the result that one hundred persons, including Belgian civilians, were killed that Sunday night.

The following day one white and trembling Imperial ran into the office of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, to beg for civilian clothes. It was a supreme moment for Mr. Baetens, the Belgian Director of that office.

Von der Lanken and Rieth, despised members of the Political Department, slipped quickly into civilian clothes, and got out to Holland Thursday.

So the Revolution progressed, very quietly on the whole. On Monday, the 11th, the Reds were in control; the submissive Imperials wore white bands on their arms. To avoid difficulty, however, the German officer who later conducted Mr. Jacquain to the frontier, to search for Burgomaster Max, wore a Red band on one arm and white on the other.

Tuesday the work of freeing prisoners continued; they were coming into Brussels from all directions. At the same time the Germans were gathering what they could, and getting ready to evacuate. And daily King Albert and the Belgian army were pressing toward Brussels.

I had left Paris the Wednesday before, by night train to Calais, and from there fought my way by special military train, American Army motor, broken-down hack, Belgian military car, General Headquarters car, and finally

by a blessed C.R.B. car already working in Ghent (under Robinson Smith, who was arranging for the distribution of flour-sacks to cover thousands of windows recently smashed in East Flanders), through the Belgian lines and into Brussels by eleven Saturday morning.

In Alost, just free, ablaze with flags, and tearful and smiling, we passed Burgomaster Max, who had reached Brussels at nine the night before after four years in German prisons, and was on his way to his King, who was at G.H.Q. at Ghent.

Nearer Brussels, in Assche, there were no flags; people were trying to carry off the heaps of tile and brick and glass in front of their wrecked houses. In the street were many large guns and wagons which the Germans had had to leave, though they had taken time to remove the breech from each gun. Little Belgian boys and girls, despite the cold, were climbing over the war-monsters, and with especial delight were whirling the wheels of a great anti-aircraft gun.

A little farther on we began to run into Germans, and despite their sodden appearance, I breathed more freely when my little open car slipped finally inside the city and I saw a few Belgian police. There were crowds, quiet crowds, near the Bourse, where English prisoners had arrived.

I read, later, the posters on all the city walls, exhorting the people to preserve their calm and dignity till the last instant. But despite the calm, things were happening fast. Saturday afternoon we were told that we might expect Brussels to be clean of the enemy by half-past two o'clock Sunday. I say 'clean' because that is the word that passes. 'A dirty, contemptible lot; only let them get out, so we may disinfect — pray for rain to help cleanse the city.' That is the word on the street.

Early Sunday morning they began

to move — Hindenburg directing from Headquarters. I was awakened about seven by the rumble of their wagons under my window, Boulevard du Regent. They were going — trains of wagons pulled by fine Belgian horses, — I had passed human horses all the way from Bruges to Brussels, pulling their pitiful refugee carts, — and piled high with sacks and bundles, gray army coats thrown over the top. There were two or three men riding on each wagon, and four or five walking beside, their coats bulging over their heavy packs. There were little carts with stoves and pails, closed hacks and open carriages, smart little Roumanian horses, groups of five and six cows — the cows of Belgian's children. I hear they have not left one in Theilt, where tuberculosis is rampant. Between the wagons, companies of about fifty, marching four abreast, cyclists or cavalry running the line — some of these groups were trying to sing, but it was a sickly kind of singing.

Rumble and tramp, they were going, going! I kept behind a curtain, so that I might not spoil by even so little as letting them know I was looking, the superb attitude of the city. There were many Belgians on the boulevards, on their way to church; but, for them, this retreating army was invisible. They did not turn their heads to look.

When I reached Brussels in July, 1916, the thing that impressed me first and most was the Belgian's capacity to obliterate his enemy. His hatred and contempt set up a wall and put the Boche on the other side of it. He never saw him.

And again, in November, 1918, this is the thing that first strikes me. All tense with unutterable emotion inside, on the outside no sign. The German may stay or go: on the street, to the Belgian, he is invisible. This is the supreme expression of his hatred and contempt.

About ten Sunday morning some workmen told me that the last Boche had left the Gare du Nord, and that they were already washing the station. All along the streets windows were opening, flags were flung out — Belgian, the Stars and Stripes, French, English, and a few Italian ones; while down at the Place, from a balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, the Liberation of the city was being proclaimed by Burgomaster Lemonnier, who so bravely carried on Max's work, and who has himself a year's prison record behind him.

In the marvelous way that things happen in Brussels, almost immediately a great procession formed: the city trustees, schools, the people, made their way to the Place des Martyrs, which commemorates Belgium's independence. I had seen this square on their Independence Day, July, 1916, flanked by bayoneted Boches — no Belgian permitted to approach it, or drop a flower near it. And now, after four years, they marched again to the Place des Martyrs, solemnly singing the 'Brabançonne' as they laid their wreaths at the foot of the statue.

Things were moving so rapidly that it was impossible to keep in touch with them. Belgian soldiers were slipping in by twos and threes ahead of the army; there were a few French officers, and always more released prisoners. People wanted to be at the Place, or on the boulevards; yet those who for four years had been cut off from loved ones sat anxiously, tremblingly at home. Many have not left the house for a few minutes in over a week — at any minute he may return!

Max was again in the city, and would be received at the Hôtel de Ville at half-past two. The acting mayor, Lemonnier, and the *échevins* would welcome him, and he would take once more his place at the head of the Bruxellois. By rare good luck, I received an invitation

to his historic reception — and Échevin Anspach called for me at half-past one. Inside the Hôtel de Ville we were met by other échevins, who helped guide me into the already densely crowded Gothic Hall — the most beautiful in that whole beautiful building. There were a few chairs on the platform for the échevins: a row just in front of it for the burgomasters of the suburbs; two rows of red-upholstered benches for women principals of the schools; but everywhere else people were standing — I should say, men were standing, for there were no women except the few on the red benches. On the platform, at the left, was a group of British and American and French officers, and at the right other guests fortunate enough to squeeze in.

There was a little table toward the rear of the platform — there Max would stand; and behind it, against the exquisitely carved oak wall, hung two handsome flags — the flag of Belgium, and the brilliant red-and-green one of the city. Above them the gilded Saint-Michel triumphed over the dragon, and all along the carved oak walls were ancient flags of the provinces, and historic statues.

Soon the échevins began to take their places on the platform. Lemonnier, the acting mayor, stood behind the table, with the Dutch minister, Von Vollenhoven, at his left. I know many were wishing, as I was, that Brand Whitlock might have been there. The Marquis de Villalobar was absent, too, having been summoned by the King, to G.H.Q. Next to the Dutch minister stood M. Jacqmain, the Director of Education and Beaux-Arts, one of the most conspicuous defenders of Belgium's liberty, as his prison record testifies. All were cheered, but the great cheer was being reserved for the slight little man, with brown hair and French beard, — nervous, intense, and keen-

eyed, — who now slipped to the side of Lemonnier. As Max, in brown business suit, stepped toward the table, the few who had been seated leaped to their feet, and all joined in one delirious cry of welcome, which ended only when he raised his hand. Despite his control, the drawn lines about his eyes and forehead, his pallor, above all, the look in his eyes, suggested something of the torture of the four years. He stood against the red and green of the Brussels flag, his thin hands gripping the table as if to steady himself.

In dramatic and solemn language M. Lemonnier reviewed Belgium's four years and two months of slavery, and the four years of personal humiliation and suffering for Max. As he followed him from prison to prison, and to dark cell for nine months, there were hissings and execrations. And when he said, 'N'oublierons jamais' (We will *never* forget), his listeners answered with a shout. And just then, from the seething square below, we heard an echoing cry, as if the whole city were joining in that pledge — 'We will never forget!'

As the cry died away, Lemonnier continued, 'And now, we feel there is no more fitting gift that we can offer to you on your return than —' And two gold-braided officials, who had been almost hidden behind the tapestried chairs, held high the framed originals of the two famous proclamations that had helped to send Max to prison. The first was to the people of Liège, declaring that the Germans lied when they said France had announced that she would not fight; the second called on the people of Brussels to take down their Belgian flags, as the Germans had commanded, — although Von der Goltz had promised that no such order would be given, — to martyrize themselves individually for the good of all — secure in their faith in their day of Liberation.

The applause finally ended, and a

letter from the Spanish minister was read, welcoming Max, in the name of Brand Whitlock and for himself, and offering as a gift a book of gold in which are inscribed the names of those who from time to time demanded of the Germans the freedom of their Burgomaster. Then followed other addresses and a poem, all marked by a common sincerity and solemn dignity. As we listened, we heard strains of the 'Brabançonne' from the square below, and then terrific explosions from somewhere nearby. They sounded like the booming of big guns on the line — what could this mean? Then again the 'Brabançonne,' and shouts from below.

And then Max. Slowly, distinctly, he spoke of his emotion, on returning to his family, to his city, after four years, and finding his house banked with flowers; of the welcome that almost frightened him. He spoke of the enduring courage of the people of Brussels, and then, as detonation followed detonation, 'As we talk,' he said, 'pillagers are engaged in their ignoble work, and we know who encourages them.' (Lemonnier nodded assent.) 'With infinite regret we recognize that a few lawless ruffians are sullyng the nobility and purity of our hour of victory. Our first duty' — his voice rang out — 'is to restore order to our city. This we shall proceed at once to do.'

Again, terrific explosions of the munition wagons left by the Germans, between the snatches of song from the Place.

Max paused a moment before he added, 'I can almost say that I do not regret Belgium's martyrdom, since it has saved her from a pacifist's rôle in this war of civilization. She may be proud for all time that with her blood she has helped assure the future of humanity. The hour before us is immense.'

He spoke briefly of the problems of

reconstruction, of commerce, and of industry; and as we were clapping and waving, two little girls and a boy were helped forward, with their great basket of flowers, tied with the national and capital colors. A happy moment for the children — and Max turned to hurry out to the balcony, to let the thousands who had been waiting there for hours have their glimpse of him.

And from that balcony I realized how pale my imaginings had been — that incomparable square, framed by the gold-topped buildings of the seventeenth-century guilds, all floating their corporation flags: the Gothic Hall of Roi Albert, — once the baker's guild, — the Hôtel de Ville, on whose balcony we stood, with its fairy spire lifting the gleaming Saint-Michel high above the city — all still there. And from every window people were leaning out, — free people, — while all the rest of the free city seemed to be packed into the square below. They appeared almost to be clinging to the walls.

Nothing could describe the cry of the Bruxellois, as the man who typified their fearless endurance, their four years of torture, appeared once more above them. How they cried out their hearts to him! Then all together we sang the 'Brabançonne' and the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' and 'Yankee Doodle!' A gay patriotic air followed, and since they could not move laterally, these happy thousands began to dance vertically. Never before have I seen people dance straight up and down.

We turned to say just a word to Max; then I hurried away, stopping only to talk with a mother, who had been crying as others were singing. After four years she had prepared the house for her boy, and an advance cyclist had just brought her word that he had been killed in the last fighting near Ghent.

Explosions and red sky — either accidentally or purposely, the pillagers, who were looking for any kind of loot, had set off German munition wagons, shattering houses near the stations and wounding and killing more innocent people — on the very day of their deliverance! However, by the next morning (Monday, the 18th) the explosions had ceased. Max has been putting the city in order. Not only ruffians are being imprisoned, but also those who have been suspected of selling willingly to the enemy: a sausage-shop keeper has just been taken off.

This morning (Tuesday, the 19th) I passed the King's Palace, where workmen are scraping the moss of four years from the paving-stones, and cleaning and decorating with great zest. I learned that the Queen had sent word that the wounded, to whom the palace had been hospital, should not be moved. So like this splendid Queen! On both sides of the street in front, the cobblestones have been lifted and sixteen big holes dug for flag standards. We hear that the King, the Queen, and the two princes, and the beautiful little Princess Marie-José, will all ride in on horseback.

The Park, between the Palace and

the Chamber of Deputies, which has been shut away from the people and used chiefly by German cavalry officers, will be opened, but not until every square foot of its soil has been cleansed — perhaps not until Friday, the day of the return of the King. Many a time in the black days I have watched hungry people reach defiant hands through the iron gates of this Park to scatter crumbs to the sparrows.

Every hour brings more people — some lucky ones have been brought in a military or government car; many come on foot. The hotel-keepers are distracted, — there is yet no day of rejoicing for them, — no mattresses, no sheets; and even if they could get these essentials, they could not clean and disinfect under weeks. Every Belgian regards a place where the Germans have been as a place of pollution, and you have but to look inside to understand why. So all those who will crowd into the city must be taken into private houses; most will bring their own sheets and blankets. The first detachment of artillery is just rattling by.

The Whitlocks will come in to-morrow — perhaps Mr. Hoover and my husband. And on Friday the King will come back to Brussels!

TERRITORIAL CLAIMS OF FRANCE

BY RENÉ PINON

— If the vulture empires which attacked France had succeeded in conquering her, they would, as in 1871, have torn from her pieces of her territory; they would, as they announced their intention of doing at the time when they believed themselves sure of success, have stolen certain groups of men, against their will, from their fatherland. France is actuated by other principles: being victorious, she will not abuse her victory by violating the rights in whose name she has been fighting. We may speak of the territorial claims of France, but not of her territorial ambitions, for what she is determined to obtain by the treaty of peace, is only what is due to her, what has been taken from her by force, and what she has never ceased rightfully to demand, in the name of the people concerned and in accord with them. However cruel and incurable the wound which Germany inflicted upon her by the Treaty of Frankfurt, France certainly would never have made war to assert her claims, however legitimate: she would not have committed a crime against mankind, in order to punish a crime against the Law of Nations! But she was challenged; France will not definitively sheathe her sword until the great injustice of 1871 shall have been repaired in full; until the people of Lorraine and Alsace are restored to the country of their heart. There is no question of conquest, but of the return of brothers long separated to the home of the French family; it is

not a matter of annexation, but of *dis*-annexation. The violence done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870-1871, the poisoned spring from which so many misfortunes have issued, will be fully atoned for.

France, then, demands Alsace and Lorraine in their integrity. Let us not say 'Alsace-Lorraine'; that is a German administrative expression which combines two countries that differ widely in history, language, and customs, but whose attachment to the great French *patrie* is the same.

The Germans themselves have never denied that Lorraine is French territory, which thinks and speaks in French, and whose customs are French. Metz was united to France in the time of Henri II (1552), with Verdun and Toul; the remainder of the duchy maintained an independent life until 1766; but it had for a long time been following the orbit of France, and had lived her intellectual and moral life. Bismarck declared that he did not desire the annexation of Metz, but that it was demanded by Moltke and the staff; this probably was a lie; the sly fox had arranged to have his hand forced by the generals; but it is, at all events, a proof that he felt the need of finding an excuse for such a detestable proceeding. The Germans have never tried, as in Alsace, to win over the intensely French inhabitants of the Lorraine marches, either by oppression or by assimilation; but they have tried to submerge them beneath a sea of miners and workingmen, coming from all cor-

KEEPING HOUSE IN WASHINGTON'S HOME

Women Who Maintain Mount Vernon as a Shrine Preserve It Also as a Hearthstone of the American Nation, and Fidelity to Its Spirit Guides Continuing Renewal of Wood and Brick

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

IT was one of Virginia's brightest days. The east door of Mount Vernon Mansion framed an enchanting picture of wide lawns dropping toward the broad Potomac, gently winding southward, its peaceful rhythms echoed by those of the softly undulating Maryland hills on the further side. Just a day for letting the spirit of the place have its way with one.

I stood beside the beautiful fireplace in the banquet room. About the long table sat thirty-four women, gathered from as many parts of our country. Lost in an absorbing task they had piles of notes and reports before them. As I listened I heard:

"There is need of a new rug in General Washington's bedroom."

"The draperies of the west parlor are worn; we suggest new ones of tamped muslins appropriate and attractive."

"The valances and spreads of Nelly Custis's room have been most carefully laundered."

"Leaf mold must be brought from the woods as top dressing for the lawn around the sun dial, and the border of the maze beds lowered so as not to hide the tulips."

"We have given instructions to plant a weeping willow at the south of the old tomb."

Thirty-four women were vigorously engaged in housekeeping for the dead—and for the living. As I listened, I could hear across a century and a half the voice of Martha Washington devotedly superintending the care of the Mansion. Others in the centuries to come who listen will continue to hear through the succeeding voices of devoted, patriotic women, that fine, clear voice of our first First Lady.

How has this all come about? How is it that this national shrine, Mount Vernon Mansion, is actually lived in, taken possession of, during a half month of each year, by women from every section of our country? As I asked myself the question, from the table I heard, "Ann Pamela." And I remembered that behind this scene lay a dramatic story. It has often been told, but never often enough.

It is the story of how one moonlight night more than seventy-five years ago a South Carolina woman passenger on a river boat that passed Mount Vernon saw General Washington's house. It had been slowly falling to ruin. She saw it with an emotion that communicated itself to her daughter, Ann Pamela Cunningham, who was later to set forth on her "wild, chimerical undertaking" to restore the property.

Both Federal and State governments turned their backs on the project. It seemed that one woman, who was ill and who shrank from publicity, could not accomplish it. But at the very beginning, Ann Pamela saw the way blazoned: The women of America would do it.

No time was to be lost. John Augustine Washington, then owner of the property and without the funds necessary to maintain it, had offered it for sale both to the Federal Government and to the Com-

monwealth of Virginia. But men had failed to take over even the tomb of Washington. Let women try!

In 1853, gathering a few women, Ann Pamela bravely announced her plan for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. As her idea developed, it was enlarged to touch all the States of the Union, whose vice regents in the association, led by the regent of their choosing, should form a perpetual governing body. Her goal was to awaken the women of the South and the women of the North, until together

my system was calmed, all the papers were read in due form, and then a gentleman knelt beside my couch and held the papers for my signature; my lifeless fingers could only make two or three letters at a time. Finally, all was gotten through with, and the papers with my fearful scrawl, carried to the archives of the State."

The following year the purchase was completed and work was at once begun on the tomb and on the portico, whose roof was only held from falling by props.

All along the way Miss Cunning-

of the Mansion and from her South Carolina home continued to direct—as she could—to appeal and to fight despair.

No battle desecrated Mount Vernon. But when, after the war, Miss Cunningham and her vice regents met there once again, they were overwhelmed by the scene it presented. She launched her last public effort, demanding an indemnity from the Federal Government because, in taking over the Mount Vernon boat during the war, that government had deprived the struggling women of their chief source

"When the centennial comes, bringing with it thousands from the ends of the earth, to whom the Home of Washington will be the place of places in our country, let them see that, though we slay our forests, remove our dead, pull down our churches, remove from home to home until the hearthstone seems to have no resting place in America—let them see that we know how to care for the Home of our hero! Farewell!"

Two years later Ann Pamela died. She died, but she was very present at the busy council table beside which I stood. Because of her, Mount Vernon has been slowly—one could say literally inch by inch—rescued from impending destruction. And now once a year from all over the country women gather at the Mansion and for two weeks review in minute detail the housekeeping of the year past and make plans for the approaching one.

Some occupy, during this session, bedrooms in the main building, others those in the spinning house, and still other rooms beneath the long, low, narrow, wine-red roof of the old slaves' quarters—little rooms charmingly and correctly furnished by the State vice regents who use them. For all, the library is dining room, and the banquet room the conference centre.

Naturally, the posts of guardianship are much coveted. They are few, and since appointments are for life, changes are infrequent. Many names that have won their own places on the national scroll are found on the list. The women bring varied talents to their tasks; one may have a special interest in old furniture, another in fabrics, in trees, in silver and brass, in eighteenth century historical documents, in eighteenth century music.

Each detail of the restoration witnesses to the ardor of a particular vice regent, to the pride of a particular State. From the kitchen and the breakwater, for instance, speak the Atlantic and the Pacific. For Miss Amy Townsend of New York has been chiefly responsible for the kitchen, and to Mrs. Phoebe Hearst of California we owe the fine stone sea-wall that now prevents the river current from washing away the historic shore. Women work singly, but they also group easily into some dozen committees, deter-

mined to offer at the annual meeting a report of important accomplishment.

It was to their reports that I listened. Most of us know that as interest in Mount Vernon has grown, hundreds of objects scattered through inheritance or otherwise (Martha Washington herself divided all movable effects, furniture, &c., among her four grandchildren) have been finding their way back to their former home. A table, a clock, a portrait, a pair of andirons—one by one, through gift or purchase, parts of the original scene have been set back into place.

But few have realized with what unremitting zeal the keepers of this home are trying to preserve it intact for us, or all that this attempt



George Washington at Home—A Family Group at Mount Vernon.

From the Painting by Alonzo Chappel. Courtesy of the Fridenberg Galleries.

they should open the eyes of a whole people and stir them to contribute the \$200,000 needed to buy the Mansion with the 200 acres of the old estate immediately surrounding it. She carried her fight into the house she was to save, where, point by point, she overcame certain objections of the owner. She carried it then to the Virginia State Legislature.

When, finally, in 1858, the bill granting to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association the charter to the property passed that Legislature, and she was to meet Mr. Washington and two vice regents and sign the papers, she was very ill.

"The friends," she writes, "were horrified for fear I should die before all was signed. But at length

ham had had the enthusiastic support of outstanding men, notably that of Edward Everett, whose lecture tour brought her more than \$69,000. She had already weathered the panic of 1857. She was to rise from her bed to meet the conditions of the Civil War. The association had no more than taken possession of its property—taken possession before a brilliant company assembled from the capital—when war came.

Ann Pamela quietly sought from the commanders of both armies the promise, which they kept, that Mount Vernon would be respected as hallowed and neutral ground. Beyond that she could scarcely think. She left a resident secretary and superintendent in charge

of revenue. The story of her effort is replete with humorous and tragic incident. In the end she was again victorious; by 1869 the indemnity was granted and the women had \$7,000 to apply to repairs.

But she was nearly exhausted. In 1873 she retired from the regency. In her farewell address she said:

"Ladies, the home of Washington is in your charge; see to it that you keep it the house of Washington. Let no irreverent hand change it, no vandal hands desecrate it with the fingers of progress! Those who go to the Home in which he lived and died wish to see in what he lived and died. Let one spot in this grand country of ours be saved from change! Upon you rests this duty."

A MAN WHO WILL SIT AT HOOVER'S RIGHT

Stimson, Who Will Be
Secretary of State,
Has Served Four
Presidents

By HAROLD PHELPS STOKES

WHEN you think of Henry L. Stimson, Mr. Hoover's choice for Secretary of State, you think of a lot of words that are the sport of cynics nowadays, like "duty" and "service." Sometimes you hear that Mr. Blank has accepted some public post at "great personal sacrifice," when you know that he leaped at the chance to gratify his—or his wife's—ambition. Not so Stimson. Throughout his career, in Albany and at Washington, at the front with the 305th Field Artillery, of which he was Lieutenant Colonel during the war, or in Nicaragua, or in the Philippines, the "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God" has stood ever at his elbow, laying on him the compulsions that she laid on men of old.

What was there in the Philippine post for a man like Stimson? It meant another interruption of his professional career, years spent in a climate which had broken stronger men, separation from friends and home and the pursuits of well-earned leisure. Yet you saw him bow his head when the call came and sail away on the President McKinley like a Roman proconsul, as General Wood had done before him—and died for his pains. It is safe to say that the thought of promotion, though it had come to one of his predecessors, never entered his head. That is what makes his friends all the more delighted at the good news. It is as if some one had stepped out of the Good Book and put his hand on Stimson's shoulder with the familiar words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Two strong men, Hoover and Stimson: alike in their ideals of public service, somewhat unlike in temperament and technique. The relation has brought out a number of notable contrasts in recent years—Wilson and Bryan, Wilson and Lansing, Harding and Hughes. Coolidge and Kellogg did not present such sharp dissemblance. In the natural course of events, a Secretary of War or an Attorney General is left more or less to his own devices. Not so a Secretary of State. He sits at the Cabinet table at the President's right hand. He is his right hand. And a President is likely to have his own ideas as to the conduct of the country's foreign relations. In the instant case the two will have a common purpose, and the appointment of Stimson refutes at least one of the criticisms of Hoover heard during the campaign. It was said that because he was a man accustomed to have his own way he would surround himself with men of lesser breed, in order that he might the more easily dominate them. That is not the picture of Henry L. Stimson. He will bring to the council table independence of judgment and maturity of conviction.

It is not the first time they have worked together. Back in 1915, in the early days of the Belgian relief, when it was still under the fire of criticism, Hoover sought additional support at home. At his request President Wilson appointed a cooperating committee, of which Stimson was for many months an active member. Hoover has a way of chalking a man up on the tablets of his memory when their paths cross and reaching out for those same abilities later in time of need. In this case the appointment reveals his resolute purpose to set first on his Cabinet the stamp of in-

tegrity. Stimson is the very antithesis of the Ohio gang.

Go back to his forebears and you will find mostly stern New England stock, with Abigail and Rebecca, Atterburys and Appletons. A Stimson, who was an officer in the Revolutionary War, placed his private fortune at Washington's disposal, and was penniless at the end of it. Colonel Stimson has not only the wells of character to draw upon, but the springs of experience. He has been lawyer, soldier, statesman, diplomat. He has had appointments at the hands of four Presidents, and is about to see service under a fifth.

Graduated from Yale in 1888 he took up the profession of the law, and in due time became a member of Elihu Root's firm. The story goes that it was Root who, riding with his chief through Rock Creek Park in Washington, first introduced Stimson to Roosevelt. Spying his partner, who happened to be in the capital on business, on the bridge path across the stream, he called out to him to "report at once to the Commander-in-Chief, by order of the Secretary of War." Stimson plunged his steed across the stream—riding is his favorite sport, and he was always a good horseman—and reined it in by the President's side in the most approved

fashion of the cycloramas. Roosevelt liked his style, and afterward appointed him United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. There he made a name for himself in the conduct of the case against the "sugar trust," and the prosecution of Charles W. Morse for misappropriating funds of the National Bank of America.

It was natural enough that Stimson should become the Republican candidate for Governor in 1910, and that when that effort failed—he has neither the vests nor the voice of a politician—Taft should appoint him Secretary of War. By a curious turn of fate he found himself under a President who had made his reputation in the Philippine Islands and over a Chief-of-Staff, General Wood, whose burden of insular administration he was himself afterward to assume. In the War Department he got his first zest for military training, and he and General Wood were later to become outstanding champions of the cause of preparedness.

In the Summer of 1915 Stimson went to Albany as a delegate at large to the New York State Constitutional Convention. It was a distinguished gathering. Men of lesser mark sported on the sunny beaches

of debate; far above them the intellectuals tossed their snowy crests. Root was there, and Judge Clearwater from Kingston, and Delancey Nicoll with his patient humor, and Schurman of Cornell, and Morgan O'Brien, and Herbert Parsons, and that peak of intelligence rising sheer out of the plain, Alfred E. Smith. Stimson worked with these men, and listened toward the close of the convention's deliberations to that great speech of Root's, perhaps the greatest of his career, in which he so eloquently defended the short ballot and the centralization of responsibility in the Governor.

To this doctrine of executive responsibility, which has since been written into the Constitution and laws of the State, Stimson made his own peculiar contribution. During the days of his service at Washington, the weaknesses of a system which rigidly separated the executive, the legislative, and the judicial branches of government were forcibly brought home to him. He resolved then and there to do what he could to adapt the ancient formulas of Montesquieu to the conditions of modern life, with its demand for leadership and cooperation. As soon as he got back to New York, long before he had been elected a delegate to the convention, he took up the cause of the

executive budget, which will ever be associated with his name. In the convention he headed the committee which had charge of that reform. With the rest of the changes included in the revision of 1915 it fell to the ground, but as seed to come to later fruition both at Washington and at Albany.

When the war came, an ex-Secretary of War of weaker fiber would have found his way to useful service at Washington. Stimson preferred a silver leaf at the front to silver stars at home and went overseas with the 305th Field Artillery, Seventy-seventh Division—New York's own. During the training period at Camp Upton and Camp Souge he had a chance to capitalize his War Department experience and to put into practice the preparedness which he had long preached. He applied himself to the discipline and battle-effectiveness of his regiment as he had applied himself to the sugar trust case and the executive budget, with great pains and patience, mixing in a human quality which belied the "icicle" charge leveled against him in the campaign of 1910. Knowledge and experience alone do not make a good commanding officer. At Pexonne and Neuf-Maison and in the pup tents of the Bois de Hale

(Continued on Page 23)



Henry Lewis Stimson.

Drawn From Life by S. J. Woolf.

Atlantic Monthly
march 1930

DEATH, SCARCELY NEED I TROUBLE THEE

SUCH peace is on the great pine wood,
Such moonlight on the sea,
Such running rhythms on the night
That frontiers cease to be.

~~The~~ ^{has} flesh no longer surface ~~has~~,
Wind cleanses it as air,
It feels like wings, it has no pull,
Light shines through everywhere.

There is no place for sin to hide,
No place by pain controlled,
Nothing is there that hate can touch,
Nothing that love can hold.

I measure by the straight pine tree,
Lifting my two hands high,
Till brushing past the topmost plume
They cup beneath the sky.

Facing the shore I spread wide arms
That lengthen without end,
The ocean rolls against my breast,
Nor does my being bend.

I orb them and they ring the moon,
Night star and star of day,
And every other globèd thing
God made to light the way.

Death, scarcely need I trouble thee —
So close my Future lies,
So vast a confirmation speaks
In wind and sea and skies.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

THE LAMAS OF MONGOLIA

BY FRANS AUGUST LARSON

I

I WRITE this at evening time, by candle-light, seated on the floor in a white felt yurt. I am a guest in the encampment of a Mongolian family whom I have known for many years. My yurt is next in line above the 'god's tent,' and my low writing table vibrates with the throb of moaning lama drums. Above the drums I hear the alto chant of lama priests repeating Tibetan prayers.

Chactar, my old friend, has not been well for many months, and priests have been called from a temple to hold a week of special prayer for his health. Chactar himself is a lama priest. So are his nephew and his grandnephew. The first-born sons of three generations—three males from a family that numbers but five males in all! That leaves one grown man and one small boy of three summers to fulfill the material duties of life.

An alarming percentage of the male population of Mongolia are lama priests. Custom requires that every first-born son shall be given to the priesthood, and as many more sons thereafter as possible. This is a great drain on a family, for it leaves so very few to carry on the work of caring for the herds and the flocks. But the more lama priests given by a family, the greater the virtue of that family. According to the religion which holds Mongolia in an iron grip, health, wealth, and happiness are dependent upon the dedication of many sons to the temple.

By strict regulations, lama priests are forbidden to marry. This has played an important part in the depopulation of the country—although not all priests observe this rule. Demp-si, for instance, a lama priest related to the head of this family, was married a few months ago with much ceremony. Demp-si has always liked the ladies. His fondness for them has led him in past years to give away as gifts some of the best horses from the family herds, in addition to many cows, goats, and sheep, as well as felt and other trifles. The family have found this continuous drain an annoyance, so in council they decided that the best thing was for Demp-si to marry. His wife is a very pretty girl, who seems practical and sensible and likely to keep him in order.

Buddhism first came into Mongolia through the conversion of the wife of Kublai Khan by a priest from Tibet. The Mongols look upon Tibet as their spiritual home, and when traveling through Mongolia I continually came upon pilgrims either en route to Tibet or returning from there. Lamaism is a compound of black magic, nature worship, and Buddhism. It is the national religion of Mongolia, and numbers among its adherents almost the entire population. Lama temples dot the whole country, from the borders of Russia to China. The maintenance of these lamaseries is a heavy tax on Mongolia. Not only are the buildings furnishing, and keeping in repair, the temples expensive; but more than one third of the male population

shift that emphasis by using labor-saving machinery for its ostensible purpose of saving labor. This will mean a reduction in the hours of toil for the great masses of the people. The trend is already in that direction, as an emergency measure, and I am convinced that the pressure toward this end will outlast the emergency, for it is a logical result of the flowering of the mechanical age. This new orientation is by no means impossible. If I

thought it were, I should lose my faith in humanity.

After all, is it too much to expect that our ingenuity can reorganize our economic system to take advantage of the machines which we have created? It is largely up to the men — the statesmen and the captains of industry; and, if they are unable to accomplish the task, we women shall have to send them into the kitchen for a few lessons in common-sense economics.

MUSIC

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

WHY do great sounds forsake me, heroic wings
 Fail here, upon the margin of that place
 I seek? All this grave splendor impotent
 As unsubstantial cloud to haven me —
 These fiery suns, these far pale moons of sound,
 The serene piping of the silver flute
 And the horn's gold uncoiled upon the night,
 Bright rain of notes shaking their light above me,
 All — all — end but in broken beauty here,
 Leaving my question still upon the air,
 Leaving the pain still locked about my heart.

There is a music that can succor me,
 Freed from my body, struck from the string of earth —
 How slight the touch, how swift and far the reach!
 Your breath upon my cheek, hand on my throat —
 Chords as of light with light, of space with space,
 Primitive rhythms returning on themselves;
 These bear to harbor, these transport me far
 Within that luminous region where still joy
 Unbinds the inner sense until I see
 Our mortal rapture and the stars' high burning
 Shine as one glory on the enfolding night,
 And my bright fraction of being finds its peace.

Atlantic Monthly
 August, 1932

THE SCHOLAR IN A TROUBLED WORLD¹

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

IN addition to the anxieties which he shares with all other men in days like these, there is a special uneasiness which perturbs the scholar. He feels that he ought to be doing something about the world's troubles, or at least to be saying something which will help others to do something about them. The world needs ideas: how can he sit silently in his study and with a good conscience go on with his thinking when there is so much that urgently needs to be done? And yet, at the same time he hears the voice of another conscience, the conscience of the scholar, which tells him that as one whose business it is to examine the nature of things, to imagine how they work, and to test continually the proposals of his imagination, he must preserve a quiet indifference to the immediate and a serene attachment to the processes of inquiry and understanding.

As in Browning's *Grammarians*, there is in him the peculiar grace that before living he would like to learn how to live. But as a man of his time he is impelled against his instincts to enter the arena, to speak with a certainty he does not possess about measures which he knows to be a mere gamble with the unknown. When the telephone begins

to ring, calling him to give out interviews, and to draft memoranda, and to attend conferences, he is afraid to say with the high assurance of the *Grammarians*: 'Leave Now for dogs and apes! Man has Forever.' He drops his studies, he entangles himself in affairs, murmuring to himself: 'But time escapes: Live now or never!'

Thus his spirit is divided between the urgency of affairs and his need for detachment. If he remains cloistered and aloof, he suffers in the estimation of the public, which asks impatiently to know what all this theorizing is good for anyway if it does not show a way out of all the trouble. If he participates in affairs, he suffers no less. For it will quickly be revealed that the scholar has no magic of his own, and to the making of present decisions he may have less to contribute than many who have studied his subject far less than he. But most of all he suffers in his own estimation: he dislikes himself as he pronounces conclusions that he only half believes; he distrusts himself, and the scholarly life, because, when the practical need for knowledge is so great, all the books in all the libraries leave so much unsettled.

II

This conflict of the spirit is, of course, most acute among those who profess knowledge of the affairs on which nations are now divided. It cannot much

¹ Originally delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at the Commencement exercises of Columbia University, this paper is here published because its excellence demands for it a wider audience and the permanence of the printed word. — EDITOR

The Little Lights of Home

By Charlotte Kellogg

Forgive me, if I hesitate,
Dear brother stars, dear Moon,
Before the long and gloried way—
I'm coming, coming soon.

I had returned so joyfully
The sun-strewn paths to roam
Had I not found in wandering
The little lights of home.

Copied in
News, Savannah, Ga.
Jan. 15, '33

with ready feet
of the ready
feet?

My Herald Tribune magazine
16 Oct. 32

date of the wedding is to be. For an engagement the rings are marked "to" in place of "and".

L. A.—Does one leave a card after an invitation to an informal tea? Is 5 o'clock the correct time to call?

unless there is something that you especially want to say to her.

J. O.—Please tell me if it is good manners to read the newspaper at the table at meal times if others are present.

At breakfast, yes; but at no other meal.

Early Dessert—the Pudding—Will Be Welcomed

Prune Charlotte

Cover twenty large prunes with cold water and let stand overnight; then cook slowly until perfectly tender. When cold, remove the stones and chop the fruit finely. Whip one pint of cream until stiff, sweeten it with three tablespoons of sugar, fold in the chopped prunes and flavor with a few drops of vanilla. Line a glass dish with thin strips of sponge or delicate cake; fill the center with

the cream and chill on ice before serving. This will make five to six portions.

Baked Cranberry Pudding

2 cups bread crumbs

1 tablespoon butter

2 eggs

2 cups stewed cranberries

Pour two cups boiling water over bread crumbs. Melt butter and add to mixture. Add also the eggs well beaten. Mix thoroughly

Charlotte Kellogg ('Countersign'), energetic in humanitarian enterprise, is a poet and biographer. Her most recent book, *Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen*, has gone through three editions. She is the wife of Vernon Kellogg, the well-known zoölogist.

Atlantic, March 1934

COUNTERSIGN

FROM the train-end the rails streak backward over the desert
Run molten under the dawn toward the planet rim;
Between me and the turning rim is no visible life,
Only the empty desert, the empty sky.

Stark against the track humps a dark group, huddled:
Heads lift from packs, there is a flash, a hand-wave, between us.
My heart does not stint my hand,
Nor do their hearts, I believe, stint their hands.
The flying train leaves them smudged against the rim —
Now lost.

And I say:
I have known you, dark-huddled brothers, in many lands;
For never did land or tongue set barrier to us,
Lack of roof, lack of bread, drew us, now whirling apart —
How unimportant they appear in this headlong moment,
How unimportant pain and the effort to ease it,
With blind cables binding the decades. . . .

There is peace in this countersign between us
As if the struggle were really ended
And civilization forgiven — forgotten.

I never felt alien faring amongst you alone
On foot on the road, in break-down train or boat,
Never learned the need to lock door or pack against you;
Was it strange to give what I had to you, to hold?
Twice, in cities, the house I lived in was robbed —
No more than that, to cumber the long faith kept,
The endless good-will of you, dark-huddled brothers.

Now I say:
You and I, as the rim turns and burns
And life runs low over the sand,
(You and I, caught in the same burning and turning)
In this instant comrade-call
Touch the peace at the core of the mystery.
Through the signal between us,
The pack you have carried,
My own
Appear of less substance than a flame's leap at dawn.
Essential only
That forever departing each from the other
We are forever bound.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

TICKET BOOK
Salary') is the pen name of a business man who has been engaged in competitive industry, both in manufacturing and in commerce, and has also had important connections in the utility field. **Louise Crothers** ('Charles W. Eliot') is the widow of the late Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, who, remembered by

Atlantic, March 1934

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CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

family in England. This request was cheerfully complied with. About a year afterwards a box was received, three or four feet long and two or two and a half feet wide, containing a present in return. What the present was is not certainly known — none having seen it but Beissel and one Jaebez, who was then prior and into whose care the box had been consigned. On this occasion Beissel had no afterthoughts. He caused the box and its contents to be buried secretly. From a hint dropped by Jaebez it is supposed that the contents consisted of images of the King and Queen in full costume. Perhaps something may be said in justification of the feeling that it is harder to pardon an image than a bell.

VI

The history of religious differences would appear to show that it is harder to pardon a heretic than either an image or a bell. If so, the views of some of Beissel's coreligionists must be regarded as exceptional. 'We deny eternal punishment,' said one of them. 'Those souls who become sensible of God's great goodness and clemency, and acknowledge his lawful authority . . . and that Christ is the only true Son of God, are received into happiness; but those who continue obstinate are kept in darkness until the Great Day, when light will make all happy.'

But a belief in universal regeneration has played no appreciable part in the

spirit of tolerance which, from those early and vivid days

When reds and blues were indeed red and blue,

has always manifested itself on King Street. For tolerance, though rooted in the greatest of the divine virtues, is a by-product of democracy and as such must be reckoned as a civil virtue rather than as an ecclesiastical one. It does not depend upon theological views about human regeneration. Still less does it result from that curious modern point of view that one opinion is as good as another, because both may be wrong. The essence of democracy is not equality, but equality before the law. The essence of tolerance is neither faith nor doubt, but a conviction that truth is strong enough to prevail over error and an objective willingness to live and let live. Its practice is summed up for us on King Street in the memory of a priest and two ministers who went arm in arm to a religious ceremony in a Protestant church in order to do honor to the memory of a civil magistrate.

Time out of mind there have been witches who practised their arts on King Street. If we have not hanged them it is not because we have forgotten the direction in which the road to Endor leads, but rather because we have remembered and heeded the counsel of Gamaliel: 'Refrain from these men and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.'

figure and the red cynic of city dwellers in the mountain forests as into a holy temple. His grave tranquil presence was in itself a rebuke to vanity and littleness.

One who knew and admired him, a California poet who remembers what it was to walk with him in the woods, wrote some stanzas about John Muir for the twentieth anniversary of his death. The poet is Charlotte Kellogg. Her poem gave me the title and the idea for this article.

*"Was it your gaunt six feet, white flowing beard
And hair, the lifting brow's serenity
That made you ever seem more than man-size?
Your glacier stride along the village street,
Your dear simplicity of dress and mien—
Did these make you stand out from all your kind?"*

*"Or did your blue eyes' fire, that sought with like
Intensity of loving cloud and child,
Spanned the far faring of a rooted tree
And guessed the nearness of a streaming star—
Did this lift you above the level line?"*

*"These twenty years, now, you are gone, and yet
We see you stand, as on an outer peak
Against the burning of the evening sky;
Removed, but lover still, with pilgrim hand
Still beckoning us into the mountains of rest."*

The world, especially in these fevered days, has need of men like John Muir, whose soul, as Wordsworth wrote of Milton, "was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Post Enquirer Jan. 35

versity of California, will enter federal service through the soil erosion work of the department of the interior, according to word received by Dean C. B. Hutchison of the college of agriculture.

...s fee and the certificate of ...
 tration (white slip) to the department in Sacramento.

The certificate must have the necessary tax clearances stamped on the back and show the sender's present address.

"Keep Out" Sign Kept Up at Afghanistan.

FORT OF BALAHISSAR

FIVE LITTLE
 ITIES, NOT FO

IT IS ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN
 TO CROSS THIS BORDER
 INTO AFGHAN TERRITORY

'SIGN IS
 SQUADS
 AFGHANS,
 EPING
 SERS FROM
 EN INDIA

AND AFGH
 CARAVAN
 ON THE NO
 WITHOUT A
 IN KABUL,
 CROSSING T

AT THE END OF THE KHYBER PASS.

© 1935 King Features Syn

Alumni
March 135

AN INSTITUTE OF LIVING

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

I

I HAD come to the place with lines of Jeffers beating in my memory: —

It is likely enough that lions and scorpions
Guard the end: life never was bonded to be
endurable nor the act of dying
Unpainful. . . .

My friend and I had chosen a bench near a group of elms and maples in that corner of the grounds between the conservatories and an outlying area of flower beds. We had chosen the bench because of its view of a border of red cannas and salvia. They reminded us of a university campus we had both known.

More than bright borders recalled the campus. Over the thirty-five grass-covered acres, surprisingly preserved while a century of the drive and unrest of a growing city pressed in on them; over the park with its scattered cottages framed in magnificent tree groups, spread that atmosphere of tranquillity which marked the campus. Familiar pigeons plied between the gables of the older central hospital building, near the truck- and car-traveled street, and the distant cottage roofs. Gray squirrel families were busy with the trees. And a woman, perhaps in her fifties, was picking red salvia from the border near us.

'She is picking the flowers,' I said.

'That's what they're for.'

There seemed to be nothing unusual about her. It was pleasant to me to see

her own pleasure in this action of selecting her bouquet. Then she left the salvia for a stand of dahlia bushes not yet in bloom. Involuntarily my hand moved to stop hers as she snapped off the crown of a bush, a long stalk heavy with tight buds. This she added stiffly to the salvia; then another and another awkward, frustrated stem. And satisfied, she walked quietly away.

I looked at my companion. On his face I read nothing beyond a kind of vicarious satisfaction in that free expression and fulfillment of a desire.

'That's what they're for,' he repeated.

I realized then, and increasingly during the day, that this friend of mine, in whom years of overstrain had shaken the mysteriously delicate nerve balance, disturbed that mechanism 'fussily adjusted to environment like an electroscope' — that he had found relief here. After long suffering in an effort to regain adjustment, he was resting on something represented by the gathering of the bouquet — on something not directly evaluated, but which, after months of the beneficent influence of the new system for treating nervous and mental illness, had been so certainly sensed that it had established an attitude which flowered in a feeling of *bien-être*.

We walked across the lawn toward the freshly painted, peaked cottage

where he lived. Near it was a croquet ground.

'I'm playing croquet — it was my own idea,' he added with emphasis. 'It came to me one day when Morton and I were watching a game. There's Morton now' — an aide had appeared on the cottage porch.

'Would this be a good time for a match?' I asked.

'Yes, but a short one — there's the luncheon food car.' An enclosed truck was beginning the midday distribution of food containers from the kitchen in the central building to the kitchenettes of the cottages. While Morton went to get mallets and balls our eyes followed the course of the highly polished truck, and my friend commented on the success of the household administration of which it formed a part. 'Take my tray. How, even with first-grade dietitians in the kitchen, can food for so many be so good? Always surprises — I look forward to each meal hour. You'll see the girls preparing things in our kitchenette. It's neat, attractive — the china, too.' It was clear that my friend felt not only interest but personal pride in the direction of this establishment which included himself. (I am, I may insert, not recording breaks in the conversation's thread of continuity, but linking point with point.)

I went to the cottage porch, with its bright-covered couch, smoking stand, reading table, and settled in a comfortable chair from which to watch the croquet game. Morton seemed not to be directing it; yet I saw that he was. Later, I found one explanation of what seemed an ideal relationship between aide and patient. I learned that the initial concrete illustration of the desired relationship between those who are ill and those who care for them is a blotting out of the word 'patient.' There might have been endless abstract discussion of such relationship which

would have gotten nowhere; but the simple act of barring one word and substituting for it the word 'guest' immediately registered something in the minds of the personnel. The obligation was placed upon them and the proper start made.

Along paths, across lawns, there was a continuous passing of alert young men and women. 'You will find that staff on tiptoe,' a physician had told me. Some of these aides were on their way to a nurses' hall; some hurried to classes. Others, on duty, accompanied a guest to a treatment room, or shop; to a lecture, a group tea, the library, or perhaps merely on a walk, or to tennis courts or golf course. At times psychiatric aide and guest stopped for a chat with a physician on his rounds. My eye, substituting professor for physician, saw a campus picture repeated. I had the impression that within the park's security moved something young and forward-looking. Life was fluid; not static, hopeless. How immeasurably removed, this atmosphere, from that one of finality which darkens the typical institution that cares for mental illness! Here not even the park is shut in. The open lawns sweep down to a low green picket fence. And along one street there is not so much as the garden fence. Guests driving in and out (frequent automobile excursions are included in the régime), going to the country or to a football game or the theatre, have no impression, on returning, of entering a separated place. So strongly did the scene recall the campus that I was interested, later on, to hear the physician-in-chief call the park by precisely that name, and to learn that his purpose is to convert an 'institution' into an institute of living, which combines hospital and school — a place for education and reëducation under psychiatric guidance based on sound medical practice.

II

When barely eighteen, I was given charge of a school often called 'the asylum school,' because, with few exceptions, the sixty-odd pupils were children of attendants in the sinister buildings, shut in by high brick walls, known as the 'State Insane Asylum.' The school trustees were attendants. Each month I had to go for my pay check to an office in one of these buildings. This took me along a corridor from whose barred windows I looked down on two blank-walled enclosures where the 'dangerous' were taken for exercise and air. The guards in those sealed yards were well armed.

One day, as I was about to pass through a door that divided a corridor into two lengths, a woman darted from somewhere up close behind me, clapped the hooded part of a sunbonnet over my face, and, as she deftly tied the strings at the back of my neck, cried, 'The gate of hell — give up all hope, you who enter!'

After forty years, I can still feel those bonnet strings being tied at the back of my neck, and hear that Dantesque utterance. For it was not the mere crying out of the unbalanced brain that made me shudder then; it was the fact that my own impressions going and coming along those halls of doom gave the utterance a terrible verity. That is why it still rings across my brain.

This early experience was one of the reasons for my interest in the unique, humane work that has been carried on for centuries now in Belgium's northern village, Gheel. There the normal family includes with its own members one or two, or perhaps more, 'innocents,' suffering from various degrees of nervous instability. The townspeople coöperate with directing physicians in the attempt to give these guests as natural an environment as

possible — to the end that the condition of nervous unbalance shall be cured, or at least be so greatly alleviated that the person can be reinstated in society. And to aid in that reinstatement voluntary committees of citizens (the first was formed in Antwerp) offer in their turn to coöperate with Gheel to ensure a successful restoration, it being of course understood that Gheel accepts only those patients whose condition promises a possibility of such improvement that the reëntury into society may be successfully accomplished. It is more than eight years since I wrote a brief account of Gheel for the *Atlantic*, yet again this past year I had requests for further information. These letters so movingly reveal the search for what I felt I had discovered now, in our own country, that I determined to find out all that I could about the institute of living.

This game of croquet, for instance, pursued with a measure of success and unquestionably with pleasure — what had awakened the energy, the desire it represented? During a half-dozen hapless years my friend had been so bereft of both that he had attempted no game of any kind. I found the beginning of the answer in the belief on which the system rests — that is, that we can make no fundamental progress in our care of mental illness until we separate the care of pre-psychotic, acute, recoverable groups from the care of chronic and purely custodial cases.

For not only must the effect of the chronic type of illness on the acute type be considered, but the fact that facilities required for the two groups differ, and that the personnel with the emotional and mental make-up suited to intensive work with recoverable cases is not best suited to the care of chronic cases. Without in any way elevating the service of one of these

personnel groups above the other, the staff of this institute recognizes that they are as incompatible as are the groups they care for, and doubts if both can attain their highest development in the same institution. It has chosen to do most of its work in the field of preventive psychiatry, and with recoverable or partially recoverable cases.

We have heard a great deal about the serious overcrowding of state hospitals, about the necessity of changing the asylums to hospitals. But we have not heard enough about separating the asylum type of case from the hospital type, so that institutions bearing the name of hospital may be that in fact as well as in name. Here already, because of the extent and the quality of physical medicine practised, the standard has been brought up to that of the better general hospitals.

For each guest the clinical laboratory conducts an exhaustive physical assay. For each, experts (some forty universities are represented on the professional staff) make initial and subsequent diagnoses. By installing a night shift in the medical record room, it has been made possible to coördinate within twelve hours all known medical facts regarding an individual case and to place this information promptly at the disposal of those in a position to use it. Thus the medical record is a tool in the daily management of the case. I had the impression of maximum mobility in medical practice.

In the physiotherapy rooms are bewildering activities of rays and waters, muscle training, and corrective exercises. The rooms themselves are so brightly attractive, the attitude of assistants is so keyed to that background, that the mere visit to a therapy hall is helpful.

I saw clearly proved the beneficial effect on my friend of an interesting, varied physical programme, intimately

adjusted to his changing need — a programme which was never allowed to become stale, which, as his tray did, included surprises, and which had led him, by steps that made him feel that he himself had elected it, to the croquet game.

III

When I again visited my friend's cottage, I found him on the porch with Morton, the aide. We pushed open the French doors and entered the living room, to which comfortable furniture, books and papers, a writing desk and radio, gave a homelike attractiveness. Someone was playing a piano.

'That's upstairs. There are two elderly ladies upstairs, one of them a musician. She plays or practises every day. We are really four in this cottage — there's this bedroom off the living room [he showed it] besides my own on the first floor, but for the moment it is n't occupied. So we're three.'

A short corridor led to his own room, bright with chintz and fresh fruits and flowers. From this hall opened, too, the white kitchenette, where two girls in fresh caps and aprons were busy between the electric stove and the cupboard.

'This I know you'll like to see. There are the containers; there, the trays — everything shining. A lot goes on here, and they don't stop at trouble. They're glad to have you stay for lunch. That's more than it seems, because it has to be arranged with the central kitchen. I'd think it difficult, but they don't!' He smiled. 'Only we should n't be late. They have lessons afterward.'

I laughed.

'Oh, yes, Morton keeps a check on them all, don't you, Morton?' he laughed in return. 'Everything going all right to-day?'

Morton nodded 'yes' from the corridor end where he had gone to get a couple of tables.

Inside the bright bedroom I asked, 'Do you enjoy eating as well as looking at these fruits? Does Morton peel them for you?' (My friend has a difficult hand.) And quickly I realized that I had made a mistake. The eyes flashed. 'Oh, you don't understand. Peel them? He dices them to just the convenient size. It's more than peeling!' I had failed to appreciate that 'more' which made him contented in, and proud of, his home.

He took something from a dresser drawer. I noticed its neat arrangement, as I had before observed his own meticulous appearance.

I sat down by a reading table on which were several books. They looked new. 'You may not have seen some of these,' he said. 'Our library has an arrangement with publishers by which we have books before they're reviewed in the newspapers. You'll find the last list in this,' he handed me a little mimeographed magazine that looked like a college daily. 'We publish it here — the cover design and the illustrations are competitive. This is, you see, a kind of college,' he added, as I ran through the pages with their reports of classes, exhibitions, plays, music, excursions, games, tea parties — a multifarious activity. 'Over half the personnel have had some college training and everybody's studying. I go to the library daily, to look over or to choose books. It's convenient, too, because it's near the barber shop! You know we have a street of shops.'

I did know; for en route to the cottage from the charming hall which houses the chiefs of staff I had come along a replica in miniature of an old-world street, with barber shops for men, modiste and beauty shops for women, and a fascinating Dickensian library. The tuckshop, afternoon tea and smoking room, was lower down the lawn slope, more easily accessible to the golf course.

I turned to the little magazine's book section, thinking as I did so of those nondescript novels of forgotten vintage that form the usual stock of institution shelves. I read: —

On our desk is a selected pile of books, widely varying in type, which are to appear in the shops next week. Of first interest is *The Story of My Life*, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. [There followed a brief review.] All who enjoy reading of Imperial Europe will revel in *The Story of My Life*.

Warwick Deeping has written a historical novel — *The Man on the White Horse* [review]. Deeping is taking a turn for the better.

The third volume of Jules Romains's great novel, *Men of Good Will*, has just arrived — its title is *The Proud and the Meek*.

Other new arrivals at Ye Royale Booke:

New Frontiers — Henry Wallace
Best Plays, 1933-34 — Burns Mantle
The Tale of a Shipwreck — James Norman Hall
The Heroic Years — Fletcher Pratt
Reaction and Revolution — Frederick Artz
Brinkley Manor — P. G. Wodehouse
The White Reef — Martha Ostenso

Ye Royale Booke is offering individual programmes for guided reading. If you have an intellectual curiosity about history, Greek mythology, social theory, art, philosophy, and wish to pursue a concentrated study, the librarian will outline a programme of constructive reading for you. The books will be from our own library supplemented by books from the city library.

After lunch, in the office of the directing psychiatrist, I commented on the unusual activities of the library. 'It's only that we've made it a living, functioning thing,' he said. Then he asked, 'What happens when a patient returns home after months, perhaps years, of ill health spent in the typical institution? He finds family and friends talking about books he has n't even heard of. He starts his new life feeling behind the times — with a feeling that is at once a handicap to his

reinstatement. What, on the contrary, do our guests find on returning? That they are not only abreast of the family, but perhaps ahead. You would be astonished to know the total use of this library. It has surprised even me. The range of its use would give you some suggestion of the range of illness we try to relieve.'

'To what degree of mental illness do you limit your acceptances?' I asked.

'The limit is set only by our belief that we cannot help the person who wishes to come here. We have people who, like your friend, are little more than nervously fatigued, and others who are just as ill as they are in any institution; only we don't act strangely about it — it's nothing to get excited about. One ill person is not different from another except as we make or keep him so. A typhoid patient is often delirious — do we set him apart as "different" because of that?'

IV

As we talked, I realized that I was in the presence of a pioneer, dedicated to that group among us about whom our past psychology has been cruelly, seemingly hopelessly, wrong; who was, with a consuming zeal, leading them out of that past darkness across a frontier into a new country. He sees no fundamental progress possible in the care of mental illness until we regard public and private institutions as essentially places for the education and reëducation of each individual patient, and of the personnel; until we regard service in the public and private mental and nervous hospital as a profession equal to, or in advance of, service in any other branch of the educational world; until the psychiatric staff has become a faculty, assiduously at work on a basic curriculum, modified to meet each patient's need, a faculty which furnishes a progressive study course to

accompany the physical-therapy programme.

'You are right,' this director said, 'in noting the seemingly trivial details which have interested you. Our objective rests upon just those little things. They make the pattern.' And again he passionately assailed the old psychology that marked as 'different' the person mentally ill.

'Take these things you've observed in your friend's cottage — the women guests upstairs, the mixed men and women aides — those girls in the kitchenette that he pointed to with pride — all that touches a fundamental. What has been customary past procedure? If a person became mentally ill, the initial step was to destroy that normal human environment in which the sexes mingle. Men and women were set unnaturally apart. Our first step here is to ensure that normal environment in which men and women live and work together. Your friend may not appraise the cause, but that is a major reason for his contentment.

'In recent years we have thought we had made a big advance when we emphasized the need of kindness in our relationships with the mentally ill. But how can kindness suffice? We have to add to it a new attitude of mind, a new type of thinking, a different psychology. In the past, psychiatric hospitals have been poorer in psychology than any others. Kindness does n't get us far if practised within a false environment. You can see what this involves. It is not enough that chiefs of staff find a new mental axis — the whole personnel must; the community must.

'There must be created a normal environment for the aide as well as for the patient. It was the former atmosphere, spreading from a wrong psychology, that made the type of person we need to help us here seek work elsewhere. During our first six months

it was difficult to get assistants. Then the "attendant" type began to leave, and the type we wanted, to apply. The higher the standard, the easier it is to get help. We are not asking for attendants for the insane (the terms "sane" and "insane" we relegate to the legal world); we are asking for psychiatric aides, for teachers in a school of living. Here not only the ill but they themselves will be taught, will learn something about society and intellectual processes. We try to teach a nurse, for instance, to be a coördinator of the forty-odd therapeutic activities in progress here continuously; a coördinator, not a mere companion who watches and protects — not, God forbid, the traditional turnkey! Our psychiatric aide must be a reasonable judge of his patient's mental reactions, play an active and constructive part in his therapeutic programme. He must be an assistant in psychotherapy, which, broadly conceived, is essentially personal guidance. We try to help him to get his own thinking straight, to find a philosophy of life — then all the other things fall into place and become usable. We are trying to develop not only an institute where the art as well as the science of medicine will be practised and taught, but also a home where the new profession of psychiatric nursing can be developed.

'The result, even now, is that over half of our present aides have had some type of college or university training, and our nurses, in addition to being registered, are graduates of the better high schools or colleges. Educational standards for our personnel have advanced to the point where we are truly an institute. And we have made our beginning in postgraduate work for medical men in the field of psychiatry. In the old days, the burden was placed on the patient; we place it on the nurse and aide, on ourselves; that means constant study, constant advance. It

means the substitution, for the terrible old symbols of separateness and hopelessness, of an alert sensitive response to need — an infinitely diversified response. The average age of our personnel is just under thirty years, which safeguards the enthusiasm and vigor of the institution. We have a staff on tiptoe in the battle to maintain for the mentally ill and for themselves an environment as nearly natural as possible. We never depart from the normal except when compelled to, and then for a minimum length of time. It is this opportunity for progress, this challenge to merit, that attracts the assistance we need.'

V

Because of its educational objective, pursued through intimate personal supervision and relationship, the institute and hospital has at any given time no more than two hundred ill persons in residence — for that many the directing physician knows the names, can carry in his mind the daily status. Could resources permit more acceptances, the total number of patients would then be broken up into units, each to include not more than two hundred. For such a number, too, the director can, as he does here, with another doctor personally make the group assignments.

I found fourteen groups, the composition of each determined by the individual need and by the reaction of one within that group upon the other. They shift as experience directs. If in Group I, for instance, tastes prove not congenial, if the graph is moving down instead of up, there is a regrouping. The reaction, too, of each patient to the persons in charge of each of his classes is considered of fundamental importance. Conditions, it is admitted, cannot be perfect, but always they must be moving toward the normal.

No doctor has a vested right in a particular guest; he remains in charge only so long as he is improving the condition of the guest. If he is not succeeding in doing that, another physician is assigned.

I was impressed with the number of visits by staff physicians to my friend's cottage, and discovered one reason why they had so much time to give. They do not spend hours writing out the old type of report. Each morning they meet with the physician-in-chief to review their cases. The time saved from report writing is spent with patients.

Then I discovered a fact of revealing significance. There is here no receiving cottage, no receiving machinery. For a receiving cottage, no matter how kindly, is a tremendous mental insult to a person who already has more problems of adjustment than he can stand up under. When the staff began their work, others warned them that it would not be safe to assign guests directly to their attractive rooms — someone, for instance, might fling a lamp across such a room. 'A lamp smashed — \$1.80 lost!' the director replied. 'Often I've known it would do me a lot of good to smash a lamp. Instead, possessing a car and the liberty to run it, I've rushed out and stepped on the gas — and returned relieved!' So guests continue to be taken directly, as if they were arriving at a country club or hotel, to their rooms. Not to that typical old room with its wire screens, screw bed, untearable sheets — and suicide written all over its walls. No, not to that!

Conditions are made as safe as possible by a system of discipline — which begins with the aide; the more the responsibility rests upon him, the less burdensome it is to the patient. Incidentally, the illuminating result has been that in this institute and hospital the relative loss for damage is

less than in any similar institutions of which I have knowledge.

Then, once a guest has entered in a direct, natural manner, the institute attempts to maintain for him normal surroundings, which calls for the highest degree of sensitive response to individual mental reactions. For, while the impression of naturalness must not be sacrificed, it is at the same time essential to create for the ill person an initial completely protective environment, which, as a progressive set of readjustments is established, must be as progressively, as delicately, withdrawn. In the past, what we have done to a person mentally ill was equivalent to asking a man with a broken arm to hold it out straight, or upright, until it was healed. We have given him something harder to do than we have asked of any other ill person. Here, today, he too is provided with the beneficent bandage.

VI

By this time I found myself back in the area of luminous perspectives, of greenhouses and experimental gardens, where I had started; and considering the subject of occupational therapy, to which they are linked; but, with the eyes of the faculty staff, viewing it from a new angle.

'I had an awful job getting the calico cats out of this place,' the director had confided on the first day of my visit. 'And to outlaw that raffia lamp that nobody on earth wants. If you get anybody into a frame of mind where he is willing to spend his day on those unpurposeful performances, there isn't much hope for him.'

I saw all manner of things being taught. The institute connects, moreover, with extension courses of certain universities. But instead of condemning a woman, say, to making raffia baskets which have no connection with

her past, nor will have with her future activity, the attempt is made to awaken her interest in courses of study which offer, to her, a channel for genuine self-expression. Often the approach is by way of a hobby, by way of the question, 'Have you a hobby?' or, 'If you have n't a hobby, can't you find one?' — which has led some women to the greenhouses, to the making of experimental gardens, to the study of horticulture; which has led others to the study of home economics, of social correspondence, of caterers' service; to various classes in the arts and crafts; to dozens of other tonic, usable pursuits.

I thought illuminating the case of a certain banker, who arrived in a state of nervous instability. He had been encouraged to discover a hobby, and, after several visits to the greenhouses, had found it there. He was engaged in designing and carrying forward a garden. Had he, on his arrival, been arbitrarily assigned to gardening, as part of an occupational-therapy programme, his reaction, in his overwrought condition, might easily have been, 'Gardening? To be a gardener, then, is all that's left for me — I'll cut my throat first!'

While he was looking for, considering, his hobby, the doctor was uncovering the fact that his illness was largely the outgrowth of a feeling of insecurity that had pursued him from the very beginning of a banking career embarked upon without an adequate knowledge of the fundamental system of accounting. Before long this banker was following a university extension course in precisely that troublesome subject of accounting; so that when he returns to his work he will be relieved of the former strain. It is from such an angle that the institute enters the field of occupational therapy.

It permits, moreover, no outside ex-

hibitions and sales of articles made by its guests; nor will it allow them until the community, in its relationships with persons nervously ill, shall have discarded the old false psychology and learned the new — until it will no longer view such an exhibition with a breath-caught 'Is n't it remarkable? Think, made by the insane!' There are, on the other hand, all sorts of stimulating expositions and competitions on the campus itself. We have destroyed the false psychology of our former attitude toward tuberculosis; we can destroy that of our attitude toward mental illness.

When, stiffening my courage with the Jeffers lines, I first went to visit my friend, I little hoped for what I found. Now I go to the institute counting on the solacing effect of the picture of him, following, as he may, the restorative activities with which he feels himself so intimately identified; happy, whether he reads much or little, to have his books about him; pleased to hear the two elderly ladies at their playing overhead; interested to watch from the porch the gardeners preparing other flower borders for their satisfying ends.

And I have come to look on the little apartment I have occupied in the nurses' hall as a place where my own mind has found healing.

Had I wished to trace the grim history of our failure to work out a humane treatment for the vast tragic company of those who, by the fateful gene or by other disastrous forces, have been thrust into the maelstrom of nervous illness, — had I tried to follow that path across long darkness into this light, — certainly I should have wanted not to minimize the importance of each least past effort by persons within and without institutions to break down the old walls. But, despite their isolated victories, there is still, in this country, a lack of any feeling of confidence that an adequate attack upon the problem

of mental and nervous diseases as a whole has been made or will be made through our present type of institutional thinking.

There never has been excuse for our tolerance of unscientific, unsocial practice in the treatment of mental illness. Indeed, our past indifference conspicuously justifies the pessimism of those who see the spectacular advances of science as impotent to affect the intellectual fabric of our civilization; who see, as President Angell does, prejudice, custom, emotion, and instincts of immediate self-interest still largely controlling human conduct, and realize that only by long, slow process of education will the infiltration of scientific thought and method reach the deeper layers of personality.

To-day, in the field of mental illness, there is offered for our education so striking a demonstration of the ameliorating effects of a new psychology that

now less than ever is there excuse for our tolerance of malign methods. It is for the public to demand that the principles embodied in such a private undertaking as this which I have attempted briefly to report shall be adopted by state and other institutions across our country. Whatever the new social order toward which we are moving may bring, who doubts that one of its first aims must be to widen the effort to help men to adjust themselves to life, to their fellow men?

It is for the public so to support each endeavor to effect an enlightened, humane technique for the treatment of nervous unbalance that the field of preventive psychiatry will be swiftly widened; that in the care of recoverable cases the new psychology will operate in its atmosphere of hope; and that even at the end of the forest, where the monarch mind is completely exiled, will be felt its mitigating influence.

Music Box *he*

With clear, unwavering eye, I heard
The doctor's cool decree;
The moment clothed me where I stood
In sudden panoply.

Block by steady block I paced
And none to bid me stop,
Step by practised step, until
I reached a music shop.

Within, an old Swiss music box
Played a tinkling tune—
Like apple blossoms in the wind,
Like water-brooks at noon.

melody
The little headlong song ~~struck down~~

struck The flag out of my hand;

My throat closed up, my arms hung slack,

~~My feet sank as in sand.~~ *The pavement sank like sand*

Salt forbidden tears shut out
The mighty afternoon,
Shut out the town—I stumbled past
The tiny tinkling tune.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

Commonwealth
Aug 8, 35

than it contributed to it, consequently its duties are greater than its rights. This position was justified when the republic of Texas applied for admission into the Union on terms different than other states had accepted, and was told that she would have to enter the Union on the same basis as all the others, and by so doing she would receive more than she could give. Each citizen was guaranteed his freedom by the Constitution, but in order that this guarantee might be maintained, each citizen assumed a duty to the state of so using his freedom as not to abridge the freedom of his fellow citizens. The citizen's duty to the state is superior to his rights under it.

Among the powers conferred by the states on the federal government, to form a "more perfect Union," was the power, which implies the duty of the federal government to regulate commerce between the several states and foreign countries. Webster defines the verb "to regulate" as follows: "To adjust or control by rule, method, or governing principles, or laws." It is clear that the thirteen colonies, in acting to form a "more perfect Union," were compelled to vest in the federal government the power to regulate commerce between them. It is obvious that the federal government could not regulate commerce between

22. 8 p. 11

Sahuaro

How motionless the fluted forest stands—
Column on pale green column stilly held
To take the morning, take torrential noon,
To wait the star-fire of the desert night.
As from forgotten time, the austere shafts
Pattern the empty air with quietude,
Each flowing entasis outlined alone
Amid the endless burnished repetition.

How subtly tapered, delicately based,
Are the bright towers, the airy reservoirs
That weave quick roots below the outer heat
To garner drop by drop the scantest rain
And poise it silver-cased and cool and high
In the burning of the little-changing year;
Past blow of beak, past the pronged lightning's
bolt,
They hold sun-gifted rain up to the sun.

Unit and multitude—how straight, how still,
While centuried winds sift down the high-
coned range

And grain by gleaming tertiary grain
Lift the parched level of the plain below;
It seems the pillared beauty of the world
Is hosted here in the cerulean silence,
From the burnt hills to plant against the sky
A light-crowned symbol—lone, erect and still.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Christian Science Monitor
20 April 1936.

nce Monitor

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denial that Turkey has already re-
militarized the Dardanelles has now
reached London through the me-
dium of the British Ambassador to
Turkey, who has been informed to
that effect by the Turkish Govern-
ment.

From the outset, it has seemed
incredible to informed opinion here
that Turkey, having taken the ini-
tiative only a few days ago in seek-
ing to reopen the matter by nego-
tiations, should have so soon de-
cided to follow the German lead and
achieve her end by unilateral action.
It is noticed that reports to the con-
trary have mainly emanated from
Greek sources.

Greece, it is pointed out here, is a

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[In another column will be found a translation of this article into French]

Grapes

THESE grapes are shaped like ~~fair~~ brimmed words

The flutes of time have blown asunder;
As I take each green melodious sphere
Finger translucent wonder,

spheres

I hear again in templed vale
Clear, cool-rondured notes of bells;
Once more from the remembered lips
I pluck perfected syllables.

Ch. Sc. Monitor CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

15 May 36

Jasper National Park. Stop at Jasper Lodge—renowned among discriminating travelers. Loaf luxuriously—or play golf on a championship course, motor, hike, ride, climb, fish. Miles of motor roads and trails lead to unspoiled splendor.

Make it two vacations in one—continue on, by the "Continental Limited" to Vancouver for a special cruise to Alaska, through the quiet "Inside Passage." Through sleeping cars from Montreal, Toronto and St. Paul to Jasper and Vancouver. Let our Travel Bureau help plan your trip. Call or write for illustrated booklets, itineraries, and low rail fares.

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Menace to

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Ch. Sec. Monitor

4 Aug 1836

The Purple Grackle

FROM the low bank I saw a grackle walking
In the water-brook.
Rippling the shadows of the iris spears
He walked, precisely, slowly
Lifting stemlike leg and claw;
Round yellow eyes and waxen ears
Unrestingly alert as he strode
Bearing the symmetry of delicate balance
Along the unaccustomed water-road.

An air of surprise, of importance, of bird-
elation
Dispersed from the trim swart shape
As down the brook he pressed,
And rhythmically the water-drops flashed
from the lifted claw
And stilly the water-flow laved the twinkling
breast.

I dared not stir behind the screening fleece
Of bloom, lest the spear of his eye pick me
up—
Lest the rapt pedestrian progress cease.

What frightened him? How can I know?
That prised breast, that purple glow
Whirred
To a broad high bough;
In an altered instant he was once more
The least-bright bird
Of all the colored company of bush and tree—
But never, O never again, less bright than they
Will he appear to me
Who saw him walking down the water-brook
Rippling the shadow of the dogwood spray.

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

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Personal D

... wet with emotion at this
... ning into harbor at the last.
... of those on shore are await-
... ds and relatives on the boat.
... are sobs and cries of recogni-
... But one tall, lean man stands on
... pier crying out again and again:
... ere is my wife? Did n't she come
... you? Annetta! Annetta! Where
... y wife?'

... friend on the boat answers him at
... 'I don't know. She did n't come
... us. We don't know where she
... Another, gentler voice suggests:

'Perhaps she will come to-morrow.
They say that they will send another
boat to-morrow.'

Then the colloquy is drowned out in
the great roar that rises from all throats
once again, Italian and alien alike:
'Viva l'Italia!' Those on the ship join
with those on shore, and, as the gang-
plank is slowly lowered, the shout of
thankfulness seems to rise and shiver
into echoes against the sky.

'Viva l'Italia!'

'Viva il Duce!'

'Viva!'

Nov 136

BEFORE TOLEDO

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

STILL from the bastion's burnished shade
I watched the Spanish crimson fade
On sky and wing.

When suddenly

I felt a mystery circling me
And looked upon a phantom sea,
A white and muffled dreaming flow
As from some shore of long ago —
The sheep moved with their single wide
Billowing of eventide.

There as I knelt in the silver light
Touching the wool, a music fell
That sounded like a muted bell;
I heard a lonely shepherd call
In slow patois, 'Under this wall
Nine hundred eighty sleep to-night' —
And I heard the word of the white fleece:
For every hill the end is peace.

WITH THE REBELS

BY JOHN ELLIOTT

I

ONE Sunday morning in August, I witnessed the tremendous ovation given to General Franco when he stepped out on the balcony of the Capitanía General at Burgos. He had just flown up from the South to make his first appearance since the outbreak of the civil war in the capital of the rebel government.

A great roar went up from the vast concourse of people assembled in the square in front of the government building. General Franco, wearing the red sash of a general in the Spanish army around his olive-green uniform, showed himself flanked on one side by General Mola and on the other by President Cabanellas. Loud cries of 'Viva España!' went up as the three rebel leaders embraced one another effusively and the crowd broke into the national anthem. They were cheering because they felt sure that this triumvirate was going to end anarchy in Spain and bring to the country the boon of orderly and stable government.

Fate, not I, decreed that I should be with the rebels in the Spanish civil war. Had it not been for the fact that my passport was locked up in the vaults of an American bank in Paris that July week-end when the conflict was unleashed by the revolt of the Legionnaires in North Africa, I should have reached Madrid before the frontier was closed and followed the for-

tunes of the war on the government side.

As luck would have it, my *d'identité*, which the French authorities require of every foreign resident, expired, and on the morning of Saturday, the eighteenth of July, I left with the bank to be renewed.

That afternoon I learned of the revolt in North Africa and of its spread to the Peninsula. I wanted to leave immediately for Spain, but without a passport I knew that would be impossible. Frantically I called up on the telephone all the officials of the bank whom I knew, but they were all spending the week-end in the country. Finally, late Saturday night, I managed to get in touch with one of the officials who told me that my passport was locked up in a safe which could be opened only by a time clock at midnight Monday morning.

Eventually when I reached Hendaye, the last French town, I found that the frontier was hermetically sealed and that the train would not proceed any farther. I walked disconsolately to the Hendaye beach. There on the left I saw the coast of Spain stretching out to sea and the spires of the quaint village of Fuenterrabia, separated only by the Bidassoa River, which at low tide is but a narrow and shallow stream flowing from France.

I tried to cross the international bridge into Irun, but the Red Guards

tatal.

Blindman's Buff

Now, when sounds the first drum's invitation
The last war's reel throws on the brain
This scene: a German convalescent station
Where like children, the patched, the yet unslain,
With eyes rag-bound, on feet confused by death,
Hobble merrily through the age-old dance
Of Blindman's Buff; laugh till a sinister breath
Blows them like driven half-ghosts back to France.

The terrible drums mutter a warning of war.
Do the patched masses blindly play today
The early treacherous game they lost before?
Children caught in a round are we, are they,
All eyeless nations, playing Blindman's Buff,
Stumbling, laughing—have we not had enough?

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

Commonweal, 27 Nov 36.

would be both impossible and undesirable to standardize the type of university society in different lands, but such associations all gain in strength, although never losing their identity, by cooperation with others.

Each national delegation is entitled to representation at the General Assembly of Pax Romana, which is the decisive body, meeting each year at the congress, when it nominates the secretaries and an executive committee of nine members including a president and two vice-presidents. The president is usually chosen from the country which is to act as host for the congress of the following year. Throughout the year the Executive Committee meets and directs the work of the organization from its central office in Fribourg. This work lies principally in maintaining communications with the affiliated federations and other groups, both Catholic and non-Catholic; in representing Pax Romana before other bodies; in keep-

A Wild Currant Bush

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Seven years he watched the bush at the canyon head
Where the sea-wind tugged at the root:
He loved its crisp, cool spread
Yet felt its lack of height, its dearth of fruit.
Then the March moon, whole and fire-white,
Swept over the coastal hill,
Flooding the slopes and the leas.
The new unearthly splendor drove down sight
Below the blazing redwood spires, below the still
Lit levels of the cypress screen,
Below the fire-veils trailing from the trees.
But even along the deep ravine
The live light flowed:
In its steep misty bower,
Completely luminous, the wild bush glowed
Like a strange, an elemental flower,
Each trefoil leaf a beryl flake of fire;
The daily opaque dress, the cool veneer,
Effect that shields the yet unready eye,
Was burned away,
The holy flame was clear.
The mystery centered in the crystal bush.
Consumed to incandescence, it foretold
That wide clairvoyant day
When time will focus the miraculous lens,
Until in sea and hill and in ourselves,
In the entire shrouded earth,
We shall behold
The burning of the outer fire.

The North American Review
Summer 1937

damage to be feared cannot outweigh such idealistic advantages. But if the digest and pictorial magazines destroy a desire for reading; if they make us lose sight of the fact that to understand a subject is to dig through it to its elements; if they induce the belief that there is a royal road to learning — they cannot be considered an entirely healthy development.

However, they are with us, and with us to stay. They belong to the very spirit and temper of the times. The democratization of learning demands that facts be made known; our civilization, seeking to avoid drudgery in everything, is not likely to believe that clear observation, sound reflection, and accurate judgment cannot be reduced to the level of the general public. The best digests and pictorials are filling a need not met by any other publications, though even the best have, and will continue to have, obvious disadvantages. But support of the better digests and pictorials may eventually lead to the elimination of the more unworthy. Those who deplore the elemental, emotional, democratic appeal of the pictorial and digest magazines as giving the average man more passionate, unshakable conviction than sound information and intelligent thought, may resign themselves to being labelled obscurantists and tories.

The Washington Post

Christmas Eve

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have preferred to see pride
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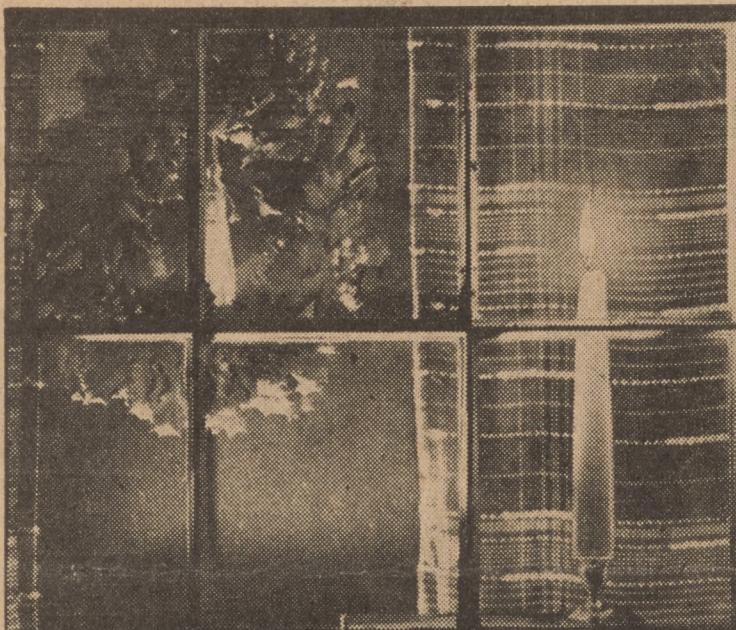
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Set The Candle

Reverently the candle in the window set.

Some will see this low light, some who might forget

That high star that promised over far blanchd hills
Peace to earth and healing for these earthly ills.

Long have been the centuries and long the hating
That have kept the hills and the severed peoples waiting;

Yet we light the candle from that distant star
Patience He did preach and love of men as they are.

Call that love to pierce this war-dark, sorrow's night;
Set the candle, let men see the low near light.

—Charlotte Kellogg.

U. S. Naval Court's Report on Panay Sinking

Text of the official report of the United States Naval Court of Inquiry into the bombing and sinking by Japanese aviators of the American gunboat Panay, as approved by the commander in chief of the American Asiatic fleet and submitted to Secretary of Navy Swanson, is as follows:

The Court finds as follows:

1. That on December 12, 1937, the U. S. S. Panay, a unit of the Yangtze patrol of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, was operating under lawful orders on the Yangtze River.

2. That the immediate mission of the U. S. S. Panay was to protect nationals, maintain communication between the U. S. Embassy, Nanking, and office of the Ambassador at Hankow, provide a temporary office for the U. S. Embassy staff during the time when Nanking was greatly endangered by military operations, and to afford a refuge for American and other foreign nationals.

3. That due to intensive shell fire around Nanking the U. S. S. Panay had changed berth several times to avoid being hit, and on the morning of December 12th, 1937, formed a convoy of Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. vessels, principally the S. S. Meiping, Meishia, and Meian, and proceeded up river.

4. That adequate steps were taken at all times to assure that the Japanese authorities were informed of the movements of the U. S. S. Panay.

5. That in addition to her regular complement the U. S. S. Panay had on board at this time four members of the American Embassy staff, four American nationals and five foreign nationals.

6. That at 9:40 a. m., while standing up river the U. S. S. Panay stopped in response to a signal from a Japanese landing boat, a Japanese army boarding officer with guard went on board and was informed that the U. S. S. Panay and convoy were proceeding to anchorage 28 miles above Nanking. No warning was given of any danger likely to be encountered.

7. That at about 11:00 a. m., December 12, 1937, the U. S. S. Panay and convoy anchored in the Yangtze River in a compact group at about mileage 221 above Woosung, 28 miles above Nanking.

8. That the U. S. S. Panay was painted white with buff upper works and stacks and displayed two large horizontal flags on her upper deck awnings plus large colors at her gaff.

9. That the Socony-Vacuum ships Meiping, Meichia and Meian each displayed numerous horizontal and vertical American flags all of large size.

10. That at 1:30 the crew of the U. S. S. Panay were engaged in

engineer officer, received fragments in his legs; Ensign Biwerse had clothing blown off and he was severely shocked. This included all the line officers of the ship. The captain being disabled, the executive officer carried on his duties, giving orders in writing. He issued instructions to get under way and to beach the ship. Extensive damage prevented getting under way.

19. That at about 2 p. m., believing it impossible to save the ship and considering the number of wounded and the length of time necessary to transfer them ashore in two small boats, the captain ordered the ship to be abandoned. This was accomplished by about 3 p. m. By this time the main deck was awash and the Panay appeared to be sinking.

20. All severely wounded were transferred ashore in the first trips. The captain protested in his own case. The executive officer, when no longer able to carry on, due to wounds, left the ship on the next to last trip and Ensign Biwerse remained until the last trip.

21. That after the Panay had been abandoned, Mahlmann, chief boatswain mate, and Weimers, machinist mate, first class, returned to the Panay in one of the ship's boats to obtain stores and medical supplies. While they were returning to the beach a Japanese powerboat filled with armed Japanese soldiers approached close to the Panay, opened fire with a machine gun, went alongside, boarded and left within five minutes.

22. That at 3:45 p. m. the Panay, shortly after the Japanese boarding party had left, rolled over to the starboard and sank in from 7 to 10 fathoms of water, approximate latitude 30 degrees 44 minutes 30 seconds north, longitude 117 degrees 27 minutes east. Practically no valuable Government property was salvaged.

23. That after the Panay survivors had reached the left bank of the river the captain, in view of his own injuries and the injuries and shock sustained by his remaining officers and the general feeling that attempts would be made to exterminate the survivors, requested Capt. F. N. Roberts, United States Army, who was not injured and who was familiar with land operations and the Chinese language, to act under his directions as his immediate representative. Capt. Roberts functioned in this capacity until the return of the Panay survivors on board the U. S. S. Oahu on December 15, 1937, performing outstanding service.

24. That Messrs. Atcheson and Paxton, of the United States Embassy staff, rendered highly valuable services on shore where their knowledge of the country and

first class; T. A. Coleman, chief pharmacist's mate; J. A. Bonkowski, gunner's mate third class; R. L. Borwing, electrician's mate third class; J. L. Hedge, fireman first class, and W. T. Hoyle, machinist's mate second class. These men encountered Japanese soldiers on shore who were not hostile on learning they were Americans.

31. That all of the Panay crew from the Meiping, except J. L. Hodge, fireman, first class, remained in one group ashore until the following day when they were rescued by H. M. S. Bee. Hodge made his way to Wuhu and returned to Shanghai via Japanese naval plane on December 14.

32. That in the searching for and rescuing the survivors, Rear Admiral Holt, Royal navy, and

Continued on Page 3, Column 5.

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The Staff of

And give—since it was powerless to amend us
To any dignity—
My only honest love to the tremendous
Out-spreading of the sea.

But since the sea will be a shrunken drop
Sucked upward by the sun,
And the flint rampart of this mountain's top,
Experiment undone

When you shall watch the moons, free of revolving,
Fly outward at a twist,
And through their flight the ancient earth dissolving
In a thick pearly mist,

I find a bond more stringent and enduring
In our identity
Than all the blue and spurious alluring
Of transitory sea.

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

SEAMLESS WEB

Though ages have denied this law,
Its punishment lies near:
If once the tiger feeds too far,
He starves another year.

The ant must house the aphid-host
Whose honey-dew she needs;
Upon the weevil's temperance
Depend his future seeds.

Stir one weft of that unseen web,
Remotest arc molest,
And all the seamless structure knows
Proportional unrest.

seamless

—CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

[29]

*Voices 93
Spring '38*

OUT HERE SOMETIMES

WORDS TO THE WIND

I have not grieved alone.
I have not asked beyond the answer
What has not been flung before
To a heedless wind in a bruised hour.

My words were never my own.
It was only my voice in the wind
And only my cheek to the stone,
Lips asking an end to defeat;
Saying what each man says when he finds
Less than he came to seek.

“. . . . AND I AM LESS LONELY”

There should be no sound now.
And I am less lonely
Being alone.

Here where the music is
And the noise of voices
Like old phonograph records
Over and over.
I would be less lonely
Being alone.

There is something that I must fail in
by myself,
Something chaotic I must cry about
To the little gods I talk to
When there is no sound,
and there is no music
and there are no voices
and I am less lonely
being alone.

And fearing they shall cease to breathe
This wind from Ecuador too soon,
And move no more, who move beneath
A near and Madagascan moon,

The coward heart, the valiant mind
Must linger weeping where they are,
Nor thrust their bayonets into wind,
Nor fire against the Polar Star.

—JAMES E. WARREN, JR.

GEODE

Gifts are various. One brought
The scientist, from Uruguay,
A geode, more like glass than stone,
Translucent, amber-gray;

With edge curled like a smoking wave
And central hollow lined with spar
Where, against light, you may discern
Something free and globular.

Shake it—hear the far dim sound
Of water in a crystal bowl;
There, fifty million years ago
A vacuum caught and held it whole,

Changeless, eternally encased.
Now it is mine to hold in the palm—
While all we thought enduring falls
This rain-drop steadies the arm.

—CHARLOTTE KELLOGG.

*Geode = a nodule of [42] stone
having a cavity
lined with crystals or mineral matter*

BAYKA RUSSELL

ON READING HOMER

Open this book and on the well-thumbed page
Read once again the lines blind Homer wrote,
And so sail with Ulysses through an age
Of bronze and laurel, when on the remote
Island of Circe surf against the shore
Was loud as trumpets, or steer down that course
Along the classic coasts and see once more
Bold Agamemnon and his wooden horse.

The words are deathless Homer wrote, and we,
Lost in the strident world that is today,
A world of steel and mutability,
Hear not the fanfare of times far away
When men were stirred by battles lost and won
Under the splendid towers of Ilion.

—BAYKA RUSSELL.

INTO WIND . . . AGAINST THE POLAR STAR

Since all the summer Europe bled
And winter glares a blackened grief
On autumn wounds, within my head
The world has shriveled like a leaf.

Maps are insane, the boundaries lie,
And Time and Space are malcontent:
A plane roars up from Germany
And screams and tumbles down to Kent;

The yellow walls of York are lost
Within the Swartzwald's gloom; and Tyre
Is dark on Paris; Goethe's ghost
Returns to haunt green Warwickshire.

Small Scale

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Beyond this open window show
Two ~~little~~ hills in Mexico *pointed*
That earliest step forth from night
And longest hold the garnet light.
Men wonder why I do not ride
Where mountains pile the ~~great~~ *dark* divide,
To scale some mythic peak or dome,
Baboquivari, thunder-home
Of Indian gods.

*There eagles sentry
the divide*

Let these men go.
Pursuing larger measurement
How shall they capture that content
I feel when under fleece of flame
Or blue that I can never name
I watch the morning-evening flow
Over twinned hills in Mexico.

*University Review
winter '38*



THE KISS

by Hugo Gehlin

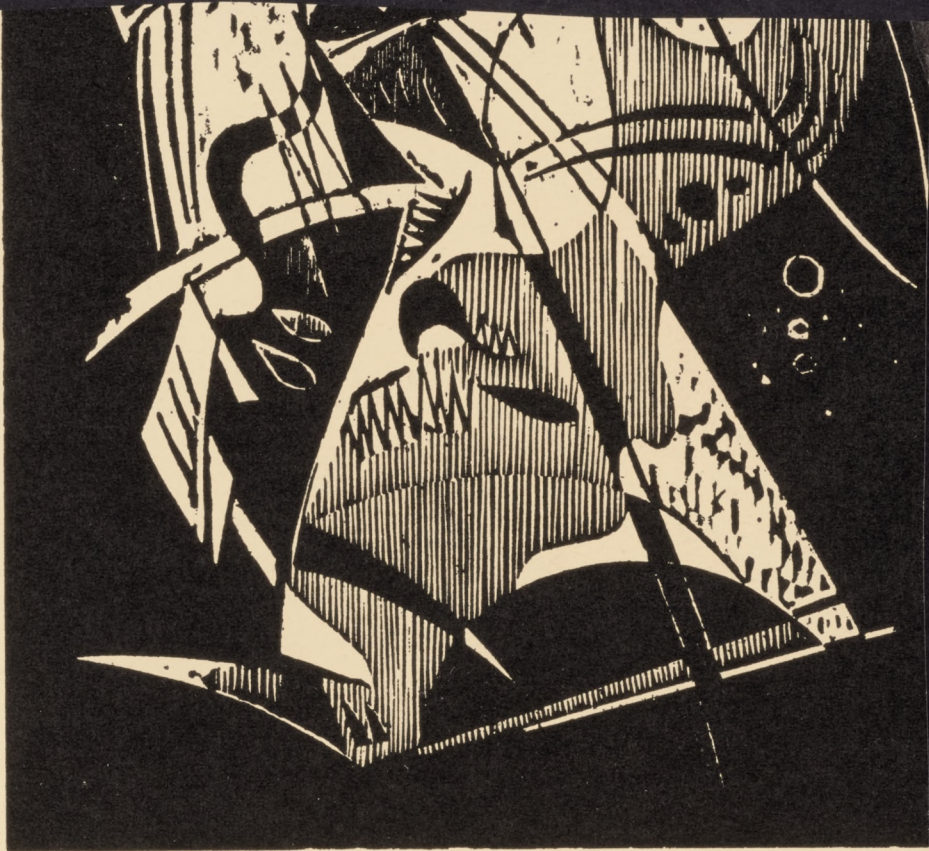
University Review, Winter '38

High in the Mind

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

*Beauty breaks like a sea on this low tent
Of windy boughs, on us who are the shore
To that white breaking. Here is wide consent
Where prodigally past and future pour
Largesse that leaves us more securely bound
Than had we painted a morning fresh as this,
Or built together towers of swift sound,
Or cut in stone some hard-won synthesis.*

*Achieved, these yet might die of doubt or blame;
But not this hour shaped of the wind, the leaves,
Accord that floods it as you speak a name:
High in the mind this brief perfection lives;
This neither you nor I can touch or mar
For the blood holds it as time holds a star.*



ABSTRACTION

by Werner Drewes

It seems regrettable that she has found in all these years no antidote for her animal fear of death and no substitute for that religious realization so perfectly projected in *Renascence*—that precocious affirmation of faith which she has now lost and for which she appears repititiously nostalgic. Yet, setting these things aside, her belief in the honour and truth and goodness inherent in mankind has stood her in good stead. And it is obvious in the last magnificent sonnet which closes *Huntsman, What Quarry?* that Millay, though disillusioned, is still a growing poet, for here is growth achieved and a promise of significant utterance to come:

*My earnestness, which might at first offend,
 Forgive me, for the duty it implies:
 I am the convoy to the cloudy end
 Of a most bright and regal enterprise;
 Which under angry constellations, ill-
 Mounted and under-rationed and unspurred,
 Set forth to find if any country still
 Might do obeisance to an honest word.
 Duped and delivered up to rascals; bound
 And bleeding, and his mouth stuffed; on his knees;
 Robbed and imprisoned and adjudged unsound;
 I have beheld my master, if you please.
 Forgive my earnestness, who at his side
 Received his swift instructions, till he died.*

—GILBERT MAXWELL.

FOOTNOTES TO A LIFE

PACIFIC LIGHT, by Charlotte Kellogg, Anderson House.

These poems, the meditative expression of a mature prose writer, have a quality that is rare in any first book of verse. Technically they are not arresting. There is no unusual verbal felicity, no startling music of form. Yet the poetic content is at once apparent, it has depth and above all spaciousness. There is a quiet nobility and strength of feeling in this book, human, passionate and yet serene.

In a direct personal language Charlotte Kellogg has written footnotes to an active and deeply thoughtful life. She has chosen to put into the intenser form of poetry those moments that are

by
 V.K.G.C.
 Voices
 Autumn 39

poetry, that are experience and feeling keyed higher and closer knit than others. If the poetic intensity is not quite strong enough to lift the substance of certain philosophic observations, certain moods and sensitive aesthetic apprehensions, it is strong enough to give the reader a sense of life, largely lived, and of a generous human sympathy. There is nothing small, none of that intense dramatization of the personal ego, no brittle false values in these poems. It is an essentially satisfying book.

Perhaps the immediate quality of spaciousness derives partly from the natural background and image which these poems present. The Pacific shore, that coast of rock and mountain, that country of Robinson Jeffers, has here an expression quieter, but as penetrating, as lasting. It is interesting, as the bulk of American poetry grows, to find the land itself nourishing from the same sources different and genuine art expression. New England, which tortured the soul of Hawthorne, breeds a serene philosophy in Robert Frost. Jeffers' sea and canyons are looked at with a wide sweep of mind, they spell peace and beauty for this poet.

"Return to the Desert", "Fire in the Bush", "Bright Prospect" and "Death, Scarcely Need I Trouble Thee" are arresting poems. The author's intimacy with science and the scientific approach to nature give her material for speculation and thought, but these are not her best poems. "Countersign", on the other hand, a summary of a generous fabric of living, is a poem of deep feeling. A few excerpts from it may give some of the quality of this poet.

*I have known you, unhoused brothers, in many lands
For never did land or tongue set barrier to us;
Lack of roof, lack of bread, drew us, now whirled apart—
How unimportant they appear in this headlong moment
How unimportant pain and the effort to ease it
With blind cables binding the decades.
You and I, as the rim turns and burns
And life runs low over the sand
(You and I, caught in the same burning and turning)
In this instant comrade-call.*

Charlotte Kellogg is the author of "Jadwiga-Queen of Poland", a life of Cardinal Mercier and other biographies. "Pacific Light"

leads the reader to look to her for further significant poetic expression.

—KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN.

WINTER FIRE

WINTER IS A SHADOW, by Leila Jones. The Dial Press.

This is an outstanding volume of poetry, deserving of one of the year's major awards. Here is a poet fresh, skilled and truly inspired. Her lines are finely carved and her phrases shine:

*The dead in their disarmament,
"The dullard worm coiled in the leaf,"
And caper drunken on the moon.*

Leila Jones knows her Bible, her history, the wood's and meadow's and season's change. She speaks of "the clutch of frost," and "the harlequin paint of jewel-weed." Her observations are piercing, and she is able to infuse, as in "Crystal Counterpart," even a scarecrow with fascination and mystery.

*You will sleep softly watched by a white moon
Under a hushed and heaping mound
Wrapped in a staid Franciscan dress
Soberly shaped and cruciform
Made crystal with the crystal ground.*

These poems stimulate and have a burning innermost that charms until the last page. Of the two great silences, snow and death, the author writes most feelingly:

*Of travellers by the precipice
Who locked in deep oblivion know
And smile to greet death's single kiss
Under the barriers of the snow.*

One of the strongest poems of the book in long narrative form is "Connecticut Trilogy" celebrating:

*These roads that run from Redding Ridge to Kent
Up Greenfield Hill or down by Muddy Brook,
. . . . These hills were ancient when the Ark went forth*

*On her strange watery errand on the world.
 This stone the oxen brought to build my hearth
 Was shagged with moss before the Pequot hurled
 His flinty death along the Saugatuck.
 Not strange—on this unyielding soil that men
 Grew stern or measured Sunday by the clock
 Who dragged their hearthstones down from Devil's Glen
 Men prudent, sturdy, of a character
 Akin to rock or cedars straitly grown,
 Unshaped by winds, where roots lie deep in stone.*

There are no mannerisms or banalities to mar such sweet perfection, which is surprising for a new poet. The poems seem couched in one reiterant key which adds to their power and insistence. The purity and impersonality of thought are an achievement in themselves. Here is a typical lyric in its rounded entirety:

*Love is the heart's invention, it had drowned
 In the resurgent blood it feeds upon,
 But by a deft and gentle scheming found
 A harbour in rebellion.*

*It wears the burning look and proud eyes
 Lifted to keep in the high-curtained heaven
 A ghostly assignation with the skies,
 Yet of its weight down-driven,*

*Sinks to a bed more strait and wintrier.
 Then if the heart be covetous for gain
 Or lust, forgive the irresolute prisoner,
 Who wears a temporal chain.*

—BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

NOTE

Critical opinions expressed by reviewers in this magazine do not necessarily agree with those of the editor.

New Poetry

Continued From Page 12

*O cello-music I remember,
Your every note and syllable*

*Reverberates in quiet corridors
Persistently as echoed tramp
Of dead but wakeful conquerors,
Come back to haunt a taken camp.*

* * *

PACIFIC LIGHT is the first book of poems by Charlotte Kellogg, the author of *Jadwiga: Queen of Poland* and other biographies. Miss Kellogg writes with simplicity and with considerable ability of the landscape which Robinson Jeffers in this generation has made peculiarly his own. If Miss Kellogg's verse does not have the strength and the intensity of Jeffers, it has its own virtues of directness and beauty. The title poem, "Pacific Light," sets the tone of the volume, and begins:

*From the cliff the long light-trumpet blows
Across the ocean darkness—warning
That here the coastwise ranges veer;
Red reefs of Lobos, Yankee, Monterey,
Strike at the whale and abalone hunter
Strike at the seiner rounding heavily home.*

*The immense fog-ocean rolls toward the moon;
It vaults above the Lighthouse,
Juggling height,
Until the torch flames on the lower dark
Like a beacon of some tower beyond the cloud
To beware this youngest shore,
Where day assaults the mind with untamed splendor
Drives it out toward intolerable bounds.*

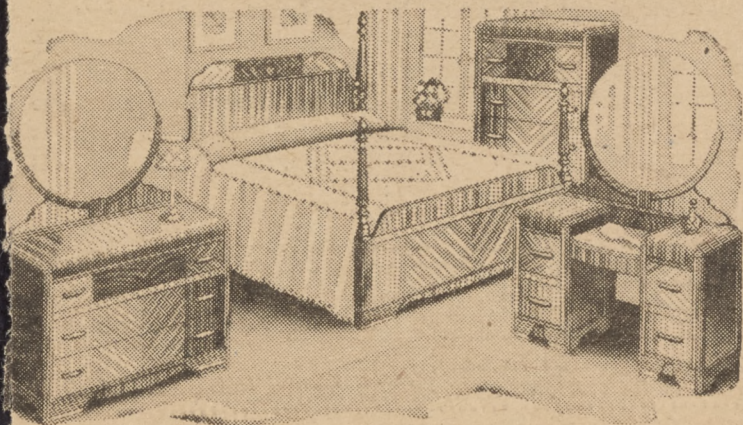
Miss Kellogg also writes lyrics with deftness and feeling, as in "Mountain Grave":

*This is a grave to choose
Mountain-granite, bare,
Sharped by storms to a hollow,
And bleached bones lying there;*

*Lying sharp and still
In the open weather,
Moveless bones of earth
And bones of men together.*

January 21, 1940

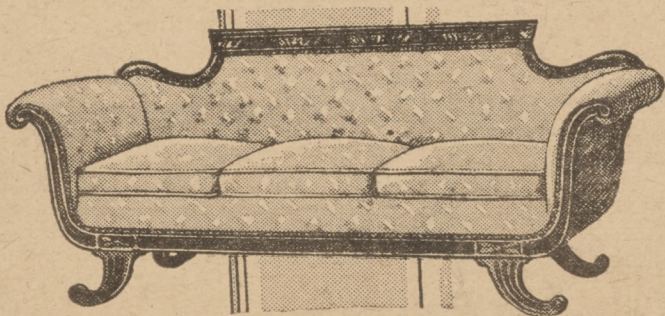
Salore! SALE



Record-Breaking Bedroom Bargain

Stylish, well-made suite, including expensive wall-to-wall veneers and other fine cabinet woods. A-1 construction throughout. We include the poster bed, chest and your choice of dresser or vanity.....

\$79



Duncan Phyfe
Sofa

\$89

PADEREWSKI

June, 1946

Now long light flows across these bladed
slopes
Sown with the hearts of men—over this low
room
Where we guard your cherished dust.

Five years have passed. Today, laying the
wreath,
Let ^{us} recall what compassion, prodigal giver,
Made music open star-gates on God's love
Till men of every race felt shackles fall,
Borne by that tide of sound to a free place.

Let us recall how your burden did not lift,
~~And~~ when again your peoples' blood reddened
The Polish plain, hear, swift on the air
The old valor defy the new invader;
Your challenge: "Let the Panzers come!
Here we incarnate still
The majesty of Poland's martyrdom."

Though the body lies beyond the inviolate
door,
The power it channeled, that holy fire, burns
In every scarred advance toward brotherhood.

God still is chary of such gifts as yours:
March with us! Quicken the despairing
heart!

Timid
CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Washington Post
29th June '46

summer at

Refreshing, fragrant, cool
bubbling brook water . . . t
colognes, after-bath or for a
tion anytime. In delicate
. . . Mountain Laurel, Ea
Spice . . . for you to use
at a limited-time-only sav

10 ounces

Ceiling Price, \$2.40

Now

4½ ounces

Ceiling Price, \$1.20

Now

Prices include

W&L—Toiletries, Aisle 16, F

The Pilgrims of Monterey

By Charlotte Kellogg

OVER the Monterey hills they come
 Trumpet and banner and cross of flame.
 Tramping of feet between cypress and pine—
 Pilgrims breathing a holy name.

O O O

WINDING down in the still blue noon,
 Cavalry first, then the scarlet dye
 Gleaming beneath the vestments white,
 Acolytes lifting their emblems high.



NEARER and nearer the music falls,
 Mingling at last with the mission bell;
 Now the adobe enclosure they gain,
 In through the gateway their numbers swell.

O O O

WIDE swing the pine-decked doors of the church,
 Altar candles like stars in the gloom
 Shine where the holy Serra stood,
 Softly shine ~~o'er~~ his ~~sacred~~ tomb.



GONE are the cattle that fed on his hills, ~~are gone~~
 Gone are the Indians he gathered to pray.
 Yet ~~does~~ his greatness illumine the dark;
 Humbly we press to his altar to-day.

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THIS PORT.

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THIS PORT.

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at 8:45 a. m.

le, for Port San Luis

8:45 a. m.

YOKOHAMA—Sailed, November 25, stmr
Andalusia, from Hamburg and Antwerp for Port-
land, Ore.

ANTWERP—Sailed, November 27, stmr Meno-
minee, for Philadelphia.

LONDON—Sailed, November 27, stmr Minne-
haha, for New York.

QUEENSTOWN—Arrived, November 27, stmr
Cedric, from New York.

Sailed, November 27, stmr New York, for New
York.

HALIFAX—Arrived, November 27, stmr Can-
ada, from Liverpool.

BOSTON—Sailed, November 27, stmr Canopic,
for Naples.

SUN, MOON AND TIDE.

United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.—Table
shows times and heights of high and low water
at Fort Point, entrance to San Francisco bay.
For city front (Mission-street pier) add 25
minutes. (Standard time.)

Friday, November 28.

Sun rises.....7:04 | Sun sets.....4:52
Moon's first quarter...December 5, at 6:50 a. m.

November 28 to December 4

Date.	Time.	Ft.	Time.	Ft.	Time.	Ft.	Time.	Ft.
		H.W.		L.W.		H.W.		L.W.
28..	0:12	4.6	4:29	3.0	10:43	6.7	6:02	-1.3
29..	1:10	4.6	5:15	3.2	11:24	6.5	6:50	-1.2
30..	2:07	4.6	6:04	3.5	12:07	6.2	7:38	-1.0
1..	3:03	4.7	7:01	3.6	12:51	5.8	8:25	-0.7
2..	3:58	4.7	8:06	3.7	1:40	5.3	9:11	-0.3
3..	4:48	4.8	9:22	3.6	2:38	4.8	9:56	0.2
4..	5:32	4.9	10:49	3.4	3:52	4.3	10:41	0.7

NOTE.—In the above tabulation of the tides
the daily tides are given in the order of their
occurrences, commencing with the early morning
tide in the left-hand column and the succeeding
tides as they occur. On some days but three
tides occur, the fourth occurring the following
morning.

The column of heights gives the elevation of
each tide above or below the level of Coast Survey
chart soundings. The numbers are always additive
to the chart depths unless preceded by a minus
sign or dash (—) when the numbers are sub-
tracted from the depths given on the chart.

DUE AT THIS PORT.

Friday, November 28.

From Hongkong via ports, Br stmr Nile.
From Puget sound ports and Victoria, stmr
President.

From Port San Luis via ports, stmr Eureka.

From Eureka, stmr North Fork.

From Willapa Harbor, stmr Avalon.

From Fort Bragg, stmr Port Bragg.

From San Diego and San Pedro, stmr Congress.

From San Pedro, stmr Yale.

From San Pedro, stmr Hanalei.

From San Pedro, stmr Coronado.

From Balboa via San Pedro, stmr Lewis

Luckenbach.

From Eureka, stmr City of Topeka.

From San Pedro, stmr Klamath.

From Gray's Harbor, stmr Centralia.

From Gray's Harbor, stmr Columbia.

Saturday, November 29.

From Portland and Astoria, stmr Yucatan.

From Eureka, stmr F. A. Kilburn.

From Fort Bragg, stmr Brunswick.

From San Diego and San Pedro, stmr Harvard.

From Gray's Harbor, stmr Chehalis.

From Portland and Astoria, stmr Multnomah.

From San Pedro and San Diego, stmr Wil-

lamette.

From Tacoma and Seattle, stmr Nome City.

Sunday, November 30.

From Seattle, stmr Governor.

From Tacoma and Seattle, stmr Admiral Far-

ragut.

From Puget sound ports, stmr Missourian.

From Portland and Astoria, stmr Beaver.

From Portland and Astoria, stmr San Ramon.

From Mendocino and Point Arena, stmr Sea

Foan.

From San Pedro, stmr Rose City.

From Monterey and Santa Cruz, stmr Eureka.

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MOTHER AND SON

by Charlotte Kellogg

Yours were not two roads timed for mother and son:
 That wind that drove you forward without rest
 Swept her: where for men wronged, for men undone,
 You reared a wide-roofed structure in the west,
 You laid with passionate hands that stubborn stone,
 She who had known ~~the~~ ^{another} older century's way,
 Wrought now with spirit quickened as your own
 The broad beam of the house for a different day.

When, past that hope you lighted, that new flame
 In men's empty eyes, death crumpled down your years,
 Steel-like she straightened, and reaching beyond tears,
 Seized the struck purpose, upheld it in your name—
 These searching faiths are one, these fires converge,
 In just and healing action nobly merge.

Last month Survey Graphic published the first Bronson Cutting Memorial Lecture by Charles A. Beard, and announced that the two subsequent lectures by Harold J. Laski would appear in an early issue. Dr. Laski's lectures were given from notes, however, which he informs us he will not be able to put into manuscript form until his return to England in June. The first, which we shall publish in August, will consider the future of democracy in Europe; the second, the future of democracy in the United States.

Mrs. Kellogg's poem was inspired by the founding of the Memorial Lectures by the late Senator Cutting's mother.

II



CHILD IN THE PARK

Good morning, child,
With eyes still elsewhere,
Now we will walk together.

Why have you got that long ribbon on?
I want it to blow with the wind.

Why do you take such long steps?
If I did not I might lose the wind.

Where are his feet, can we see them?
They are hid by his amber wings.

Will he never get tired of blowing?
Little one, we will tire first.

Voices

By Jean Kallouf

Je regarde les petites vagues indécises de la mer
Argentées et portant chacune son étoile,
Qui se frottent et s'élèvent toutes ivres de lumière
Et se mêlent et se perdent dans cette heure matinale.

Ainsi mes pensées à la lueur du soleil
Soules de joie, d'impatience, se jetant dans l'air
Sont toutes pleines d'espiègleries, bondent, sautent,
et s'effraient
Rassemblantes aux petites vagues indécises de la mer.

More west 4

- Not Considered

Plum branches set in masses of filmy webs
whose aridous brush you leaves

Not wanting a doll of dawns
notch of one span of years

all variance held
all storm subdued
To pillared gneiss

Bringe + large quantity brush of
the chemical
Chamisso

pink + blue Oak shadows on gold + ochre hills
streamer trunks. Lighter above the green of the
narrowed stream
bank of the lancet hills rimmed by boulders

Sharp + deep
mexed canyon
redwood + live oak
sage, scarlet penstemon
snow berries + holly
madroas with
red-orange berries

The full bush of the lance
in mid stream
The dappled reflection of ruffling water
On the bordering granite rock face
Sycamore trees + gold of steeply rising hillsides
Spinning dragon flies + silver birds shuttle
across the green Cachaqua pool
Sages, wild Cascara, tree toads blue flies
Upward climbing poison vine
downward trailing common grass
Bright brittle bush of dead alders
The low wash of the lance willow
Over the ~~bright~~ pebbled stream

"What slumps a man as great is not freedom from faults but abundance of powers."

"The joy of a soul is the measure of its force."

"The school conceived as life on the threshold of life was not only his doctrine but his instinct + his behavior."

By one of those generosities of fate which nations cannot expect too often, Spain which had produced a Giner at the time of inspiration, found a Castillejo at the time of execution.

^{the} ethos of a nation

its ethos

See this J.R.D. *

Truth is the struggle ever alive in men's hearts

Truth is that struggle itself."

The Chinese regard the controlled use of spirits as one of the ^{highest} fine arts - not to go beyond the moment of inspiration. Unamuno (Spain)

Never say you know the last word of any human heart' Henry James in Louisa Pallant

at 5.0°C maximum color + clarity.

with steam carries the too-wide ranging mind
down to ~~deep~~ peace

to the lit ^{base} (profundity) of quietude -

The pool lies still as air

The oval dark mirror
intensive, varying

The falling leaf that upward climbs

The dark-grooved holes the plunge

blue sky, white cloud - rock streaming

Gold elm at lanceol willow leaves

Bright traceries of lily pads

Boiler house

~~From~~ The boiler house ^{glows} continuous swirl.
of vapor against ~~the~~ October blue.

Shaping - dissolving -

So, peoples against Time.

The black night pool

In the pool of shades all is held
all processes of change are blended
past & crystalline stillness

THE FIRE IN THE BUSH

THE ocean's trampling rattles the window,
The trade wind buffets the chimney head.
All day I have fought dust
And web and rust,
Tended the hearth beneath the sheltering roof,
Offered the hospitable salt and bread,
With busy visible gestures filling the day, never aloof —
Yet the hearth of my heart was fireless
And still as stone.

Now the night wind bends the pine tree
And rattles the shoreward window.
I, beside it, alone,
Am watching another fire —
Watching the answering flame in the toyon bush,
The unconsuming flame that knows no roof, no hearth,
That burns in the outer dark in the heart of the live green bush
Yet is ever unshaken by storm, undimmed by falling rain,
Its ruddy beauty leaping from the living bush.

How many years inside the sheltering door
Treading back and forth, going, returning,
Tending the tangible fire
Have I watched the outer burning.
To-night by the window I cry
Through the dark — let me once ere I die,
Once out in the wind, out under the sky,
Thrust my hand in that flame though it scar,
Hold my cheek to that flame though it sear!

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

SCRIBBLER'S LUCK

BY EDWARD WEEKS

I

I TAKE for my text the twentieth-century axiom, 'Accidents don't happen.' And I repeat these words despite the utter abandon with which Americans fling themselves and their automobiles about, it being my private conviction that the autopsy of any or all of these catastrophes would be sure to show a screw loose somewhere, if not in the chassis, then certainly in the motorist's skull. Accidents don't happen in literature any more than they do at railroad crossings: they are the perfectly logical results of human behavior. It was no accident that the manuscript of Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution* was chucked by a domestic into the fireplace; it was no accident when Colonel Lawrence's dangerous manuscript, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, disappeared after having been left in an empty railway coach. Such things happen because authors are notoriously absent-minded. Nor was it an accident when Anne Parrish won the Harper Novel Contest, or when Sinclair Lewis was awarded the Nobel Prize. These things happen, if I may be allowed the phrase, because of the persistent-mindedness of the chosen few.

The word 'persistence' has a more agreeable association to-day than it had when I was young. 'If you will persist,' my parents would say, 'in sliding down the banisters, you'll hurt yourself!' Something of that stubborn quality the word still retains, but in

modern usage it has lost much of its harmful implication. If, nowadays, you *persist* in what you are after, you won't hurt yourself much — you'll be a Success. Curiously enough, the most persistent people in all industry are commonly thought to be the laziest — I mean writers.

Since writing is unquestionably the worst-paid of all professions, those who do it have to be persistent if they are to survive. Of this the beginner soon becomes painfully aware. In no other business I can think of is an apprentice's work so repeatedly thrown back in his face. In all fairness, however, it should be added that most beginning writers invite this treatment, not only because their work may be inadequate, but also because — whatever its potential value — they so seldom know how to publish it.

If I were a book agent, I should not spend much time trying to sell Rabelais to a Sunday School; yet this proposition is no more absurd than the disappointed efforts of a thousand new writers whose manuscripts fly back like homing pigeons. To make a name for one's self in contemporary literature it is essential to discover as rapidly as possible, first, the kind of thing one is best equipped to write, and, second, the medium — any medium — in which it can be published to advantage. Self-knowledge is slow to come by. It took Gamaliel Bradford twenty-five years to

Monologue at Noon

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

*Beyond the mesa's farthest cattle-guard
we came to claret-colored hills—Jeff's camp
below and mine-shaft gaping up the gorge;
He had dropped down the scorched defile for lunch.*

*"How do you stand this, Jeff," we said, "this empty
cactus world? You can't dig gold all night.
What good's the coin you get for what you find,
against this loneliness?"*

*"Against?" he chuckled,
drew to his lean height, puffed at his pipe.
The eyes' live blue was flecked with gold as dream
and purpose moved behind. Aloud he said,
"Nobody but a fool denies there's waits,
hard sledding, with the runs of luck—enough
of all for one life-span. What holds is this—"
His arm-sweep curved in all the colored morning.
Shoulders took the light, while look embraced
the cabin thatched with thorn, the kitchen leaned
endwise. "The night? When supper's done—sage-honey,
biscuit I beat white and venison,
There's not half time for charts and books (no spec's,
the lamplight's good for eyes) before you're set
to tumble in with nothing from you to stars."
He watched a red-tail search the ruby hill.*

*"But years, shut in alone?" He drank from his
canteen. He said: "Your fear of being cut
from crowds and things, shuts in. Those are poor props.
This rock is safer. Safer to rest your mind
on the sun, enjoy going with it since you go.
Oh, yes, I know, I've got things, too," he laughed.
And our accustomed eyes saw skulls and skins,
old kettles swung below the thorn, and blue
with flax, emerging from the miscellany.
"But when I move all goes in that old Ford.*

"I'm here, you think, just to get out the gold? That's least of the fun. It's the study, the pondering, till you're sure from ways of rock you see what's going on in the dark below. That job won't stale on a man."

Our word against had spurred him to defend conviction won by stubborn search and test. He answered hungrily as some will do who live alone. "Even in the village you find a sample of freedom—I know, they've not fought through like me—but a lot can be learned from Vaca; I leave this shack unlocked as noon—this yellow dust about, few bother it, they don't seem much concerned with money, light serves better here. If men would trade-in city murk for air fire-clean like this then most of the mess they've made would burn away of itself."

*"This loneliness?
Why here you naturally hitch on to day and night,
You join that company, it's steady"—he chuckled again—
"of configurations that travel over the mountain."*

By Charlotte Kellogg-

THE CACTUS CREW

A sturdy truck, derrick-rigged, slid across the sand so stillly that I did not know what wakened me.

It halted beyond my window, on the edge of the ^{at} cresote-covered plain that swept like a bronze-gold sea westward till it rolled up about the bases of the Santa Catalina Mountains -- lifting sporadically, as ranges do, on the southwestern desert. The wash of brush was broken only by the breathlike loveliness of a line of cottonwood plumes running along a rillito.

"And they say mud is not beautiful," said Michael Pupin, as he waved his hand toward these powerfully moulded desert mountains.

"See how beautiful mud is, when the Sculptor knows his job."

The truck stood, pulley-ropes taut about its prize, a twenty-five foot, green fluted cactus shaft which, despite its spiked armor, had been seized on a southward facing slope, a dozen miles away. For the moment crew -- three Mexicans and an Arizonan -- was motionless as captive, as if this task were part of a sunrise ritual. Then, with a technique worked out as prettily as a geometry problem, each leaped to position; one with spade, others with bar and pail, prepared a shallow pit, while the Arizonan, from a strategic point, silently directed.

A slackening of ropes, -- the century-old giant swung over the hollow, was slowly lowered, packed, tamped, and securely braced against a desert wind that would one day test to extremity the grip of the slight tap root on the sand. Work must insure, too, resistance to such an enemy as the nest-seeking woodpecker, who might break through the chitinous, translucent skin to chisel a long, cool cylinder in

the pulpy interior. A vigorous cactus would build around that nest a wall of defense so strong that long after the invading woodpecker had departed, one might come upon a fluffy elf-owl peering from the appropriated doorway, or still later, scent there the fragrance of honey-comb.

No perfunctory motion in this process of transplanting. What man of the desert, Indian or white, but admires, with an admiration often mingled with awe, the strange beauty of the sahuaro, whom he named the desert's king? And should he not sufficiently respect it, he soon learns not to invite intimate encounter with this formidably weaponed creature, or, for that matter, with any other of the half thousand species of cactus that inhabit the United States and near Mexico; their every square inch bristling with steely hook or needle.

But Indians have not only venerated the sahuaro, they have long depended on it. The Papagos build their villages with the help of its skeletal ribs, which they bind into airy walls, and then cover with stucco. They grind the minute sahuaro seeds into meal; press the bright red fruits into large ollas to ferment and yield liquor.

When crimson pushed down distant canyons and the sky's metallic blue deepened, the crew, after a final survey swung back upon the truck and were off for another sahuaro-land, leaving the solitary giant to adjust itself to life outside my window.

The desert guest, watching the progress of cactus plots, sees in each successful planting another stressing of the music of the desert garden. The thorn-ribbed columns bordering long paths recur as rhythmically as notes on a score.

To the stranger there is often something weirdly forbidding about those sahuaro forests toward which the crew again headed, where

I had more than once accompanied them. There the pillared ranks - younger ones unbranched, older shafts often branching at from eight to fifteen feet above ground - cover the lower reaches of mesa and arid slope, yet only at near range are visible. Strangely motionless, they seem ghostly reminders of a vanished people. Under morning light and desert's torrential noon, the tall green shafts are silver-pale and each crown is white - as the cobalt of the afternoon sky deepens, their silver turns to bronze. Actually, each is a subtly tapered, delicately based reservoir, lifted above a hot hill-slope - straight, still, unit and multitude, in the burning of the little changing year.

The broad basin from which these forested mesas rise lies almost encircled by ranges. Only southward, toward Mexico, does the horizon flatten to sand level. In remote tertiary times mountains were thrown up and ever since then have been, particle by gleaming particle, thrown down again into the vast rock-bedded trough, until today our own low-clustering buildings rest on two thousand feet of sand.

The truck crew are enthusiasts because they know something about the marvelous interior, as well as the formidable exterior, of the giant and his kin. "Believe me, he's the world's greatest engineer," said the captain at the end of one morning's search. "No matter how tough that green skin, it's only short of a miracle when a straight thirty feet of cactus holds its pulpy interior - pulp like a watermelon's shot through with veins - steady on a twenty inch base. Nothing but sixteen or eighteen, or perhaps a few more, slight bamboo-like ribs inside to help. And that's the beginning. Out here on this

burning mesa, every one of those taller green cylinders is a reservoir for at least four, perhaps five, tons of water -- tons gathered by drops. Desert rains are swift and violent; cactus roots must act quickly to accomplish the miracle. Therefore they keep near the sand surface."

"How long have the giants stood here?" I asked.

"The largest probably between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and seventy-five years. They spend fifteen to twenty-five years reaching their first foot in height!"

"On this plateau, how many sahuaros to the acre?" I began quickly to calculate fifty times four or five -- over two hundred tons of water held sunward on the single parched acre on which I stood! Imagination pictured the desert transformed into a realm of water, lifted tons all meticulously reservoired in silvery-green barrels and cylinders. And as if in prodigal contradiction of this triumph of hoarding, about May day, on the ridges near the top of each green reservoir, would appear small knob-like protuberances, which would slowly develop and after two or three weeks unfold into a creamy coronet of flowers, whose petals would hold their velvety softness during three or four days. Brief beauty, worth a pilgrimage. I began to understand the enthusiasm of cactus experts. To those whom shadow means something, what equals that delight felt on walking under a high moon among desert cacti? Shadow outlines are sharp as edged steel, and yet the entire shadow seems to float with the softness of black velvet on pooled moonlight.

Only in a limited region of the United States and northern Mexico does the sahuaro dominate. ^{Its} ~~His~~ country is southern Arizona

(barely touching California) and a stretch that runs south into Sonora about two hundred miles. However, in Mexico and South America ^{it} he has many close relatives in the other cereuses that make those countries a vast cactus garden.

Last week the crew brought in a myriad-branched choya, one of the richly-jointed Opuntia group. It was six feet high and of a bushy spread strikingly unlike the regal erectness of today's arrival. The choya is, perhaps, the most deceptive of desert plants; for its golden green loveliness derives from a wealth of brutal spines on the pendant jointed branches, from which in turn hang lemon and saffron fruits. These fruits may be of present vintage or, ~~curiously~~, may persist from two or three past years. The choya not only adds beauty of form and color to the desert landscape; it furnishes humor to the typical desert tale, during whose course the hero, almost invariably, backs innocently into the lovely bush -- at some incongruous moment is caught in its merciless mesh.

And curiously, birds love this cactus which seems to express the extreme of spiny unfriendliness. My first sight of one -- a seven foot specimen -- showed perched on each golden tuft a red-throated linnet -- and in the single open space in the thorny bushiness, a violet-winged dove! Indeed, all varieties of cactus are favorites with certain birds who pose on tuft and thorn with an unerring instinct for the enchanting picture. To one arriving on the desert, with the popular conception of it, this is dramatic initiation.

Though I am now accustomed to the friendship between soft feathery creatures and those bristling with steely hooks and spines, I do not undertake to explain this strange fraternization, which is

often carried far beyond this simple relationship of cactus with linnet. Nor, I believe, do scientists offer any really satisfying explanation. On my stretch of desert, new-comers and old encourage it. Often a cactus garden court has its low stone table where crushed corn is scattered, and an adjacent rock-bedded pool. There linnets and doves, white-crowned sparrows and white-collared killedeer, thrashers and cactus wrens, crowd, and remain undisturbed, after perhaps a flurry or two, even when a chipmunk or a thin gray desert rat joins them.

Snug against the ground beside the choyas rest rosy green hook-covered cylinders and globes of the barrel cacti, which the crew are bringing in by dozens. That red-hooked fero-cactus, or barrel cactus, which the Spaniard calls "bisnaga", he calls, too, the compass, because he has found that it always tilts toward the south. Then there are the delicate, snakelike cereuses, with storage roots as big as a man's head, and the tinier ball cactus forms unwary feet step on, and many of the four hundred known varieties of prickly pear, whose marvelously colored flattened oval and tongue shaped branches hold part of the splendor of sunrise and sunset to the desert floor. The burgundy-hued pear plant with its long hairlike spines, is the garden's focal color point. And who would not travel far to see that night's magic, the single yearly flowering of the heavily scented night-blooming cereus?

Circling about or scattered within the cactus plots, are century plants, relieving feathery acacias, the lovely palo verdi, long bronze wands of the ocotillo, (found only in southwestern Arizona and northern Mexico) and the yucca, tallest of lily plants, whose leaves

against the sun shine like almost transparent laminate silver. No spring spectacle surpasses that of a great sweep of tall ocotillo bushes, each tip of the long wands flaming into a scarlet flower raceme.

As the neophyte adventures in sunlight, he enlists the cactus crew to ply between ruby and ochre mesas still safe from invasion, and his growing plain gardens. Never content with things as he finds them, man begins at once to create about him his own conceived pattern of beauty.